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THE
Feign'd Curtizans,
OR,
A Nights Intrigue.
A
COMEDY.
As it is Acted at the
Dukes Theatre.

Written by Mrs. *A. BEHN.*

Licensed *Mar.* 27. 1679. *ROGER L'ESTRANGE.*

LONDON,
Printed for *Richard Tonson*, within *Grays-Inne-gate*, in *Grays-Inne-lane*; And *Jacob Tonson* at the *Judges-Head* in *Chancery-lane*, 1679.

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TO

Mrs. *ELLEN GUIN.*

Madam,

TIS no wonder that hitherto I followed not the good example of the believing Poets, since leſs faith and zeal then yon alone can inſpire, had wanted power to have reduc't me to the true worſhip: Your permiſſion, *Madam*, has inlightened me, and I with ſhame look back on my paſt Ignorance, which ſuffered me not to pay an Adoration long ſince, where there was ſo very much due, yet even now though ſecure in my opinion, I make this Sacriſice with infinite fear and trembling, well knowing that ſo Excellent and perfect a Creature as your ſelf differs only from the Divine powers in this; the Offerings made to you ought to be worthy of you, whilſt they accept the will alone; and how Madam, would your Altars be loaded, if like heaven you gave permiſſion to all that had a will and deſire to approach 'em, who now at diſtance can only wiſh and admire, which all mankinde agree to do; as if Madam, you alone had the pattent from heaven to ingroſs all hearts; and even thoſe diſtant ſlaves whom you conquer with your fame, pay an equall tribute to thoſe that have the bleſſing of being wounded by your Eyes, and boaſt the happineſs of be-

holding you dayly; inſomuch that ſucceeding ages who ſhall with joy ſurvey your Hiſtory ſhall Envy us who lived in this, and ſaw thoſe charming wonders which they can only reade of, and whom we ought in charity to pity, ſince all the Pictures, pens or pencills can draw, will give give 'em but a faint Idea of what we have the honour to ſee in ſuch abſolute Perfection; they can only gueſs She was infinitely fair, witty, and deſerving, but to what Vaſt degrees in all, they can only Judge who liv'd to Gaze and Liſten; for beſides Madam, all the Charms and attractions and powers of your Sex, you have Beauties peculiar to your ſelf, an eternal ſweetneſs, youth and ayr, which never dwelt in any face but yours, of which not one unimitable Grace could be ever borrow'd, or aſſumed, though with never ſo much induſtry, to adorn another, they cannot ſteal a look or ſmile from you to inhance their own beauties price, but all the world will know it yours; ſo Natural and ſo fitted are all your Charms and Excellencies to one another, ſo intirely deſign'd and created to make up in you alone the moſt perfect lovely thing in the world; you never appear but you glad the hearts of all that have the happy fortune to ſee you, as if you were made on purpoſe to put the whole world into good Humour, whenever you look abroad, and when you ſpeak, men crowd to liſten with that awfull reverence as to Holy Oracles or Divine Propheſies, and bears away the precious words to tell at home to all the attentive family, the Gracefull things you utter'd and cry, *but oh ſhe*

ſpoke

ſpoke with ſuch an Ayr, ſo gay, that half the beauty's loſt in the repetition. 'Tis this that ought to make your Sex vain enough to deſpiſe the malicious world that will allow a woman no wit, and bleſs our ſelves for living in an Age that can produce ſo wondrous an argument as your undeniable ſelf, to ſhame thoſe boaſting talkers who are Judges of nothing but faults.

But how much in vain Madam, I endeavour to tell you the ſence of all mankinde with mine, ſince to the utmoſt Limits of the Univerſe your mighty Conqueſts are made known: And who can doubt the Power of that Illuſtrious Beauty, the Charms of that tongue, and the greatneſs of that minde, who has ſubdu'd the moſt powerfull and Glorious Monarch of the world: And ſo well you bear the honours your were born for; with a greatneſs ſo unaffected, an affabillity ſo eaſie, an Humor ſo ſoft, ſo far from Pride or Vanity, that the moſt Envious & moſt diſaffected can finde no cauſe or reaſon to wiſh you leſs, Nor can Heaven give you more, who has expreſt a particular care of you every way, and above all in beſtowing on the world and you, two noble *Branches*, who have all the greatneſs and ſweetneſs of their Royal and beautiful ſtock; and who give us too a hopeful Proſpect of what their future *Braveries* will perform, when they ſhall ſhoot up and ſpread themſelves to that degree, that all the leſſer world may finde repoſe beneath their ſhades; and whom you have permitted to wear thoſe glorious Titles which you your ſelf Generouſly neglected, well

knowing

knowing with the noble Poet; 'tis better far to merit Titles then to wear 'em.

Can you then blame my Ambition, Madam, that lays this at your feet, and begs a Sanctuary where all pay ſo great a Veneration? 'twas Dedicated yours before it had a being, and overbuſy to render it worthy of the Honour, made it leſs grateful; and Poetry like Lovers often fares the worſe by taking too much pains to pleaſe; but under ſo Gracious an Influence my tender Lawrells may thrive, till they become fit Wreaths to offer to the Rays that improve their Growth: which Madam, I humbly implore, you ſtill permit her ever to do, who is,

Madam,

Your moſt humble,

and Moſt Obedient Servant.

A. Behn.

The

The PROLOGUE,
Spoken by Mrs. *Currer*.

THe devil take this curſed plotting Age,
'T has ruin'd all our Plots upon the Stage;
Suſpicions, New Elections, Jealouſies,
Freſh Informations, New diſcoveries,
Do ſo employ the buſie fearful Town,
Our honeſt calling here is uſeleſs grown;
Each fool turns Politician now, and wears
A formal face, and talks of State-affairs;
Makes Acts, Decrees, and a new Modell draws
For regulation both of Church and Laws;
Tires out his empty noddle to invent
What rule and method's beſt in government;
But Wit as if 'twere Jeſuiticall,
Is an abomination to ye all:
To what a wretched paſs will poor Plays come,
This muſt be damn'd, the Plot is laid in Rome;
'Tis hard——yet——
Not one amongſt ye all I'le undertake,
Ere thought that we ſhould ſuffer for Religions ſake:
Who wou'd have thought that wou'd have been th'occaſion,
Of any conteſt in our hopefull Nation?
For my own principles, faith, let me tell ye
I'me ſtill of the Religion of my Cully,
And till theſe dangerous times they'd none to fix on,
But now are ſomething in meer contradiction,
And piouſly pretend, theſe are not days,
For keeping Miſtreſſes and ſeeing Plays.
Who ſays this Age a Reformation wants,
When Betty Currer's *Lovers all turn Saints?*
In vain alas I flatter, ſwear, and vow,
You'l ſcarce do any thing for Charity now:
Yet I am handſome ſtill, ſtill young and mad,
Can wheadle, lie, diſſemble, jilt——egad,
As well and artfully as ere I did,
Yet not one Conqueſt can I gain or hope,
No Prentice, not a Foreman of a Shop,
So that I want extremely New Supplies;
Of my laſt Coxcomb, faith, theſe were the Prize;

And by the tatter'd Enſignes you may know,
Theſe ſpoils were of a Victory long ago:
Who wou'd have thought ſuch helliſh times to've ſeen,
When I ſhou'd be neglected at eighteen?
That Youth and Beauty ſhou'd be quite undone,
A Pox upon the Whore of Babylon.

The Actors Names.

Italians.

Mr' *Norris.*	*Moriſini.*	An Old Count Uncle to *Julio.*
Mr. *Crosby.*	*Julio.*	His Nephew, a young Count, contracted to *Laura Lucretia.*
Mr. *Gilloe.*	*Octavio.*	A young Count contracted to *Marcella*, deform'd, revengeful.
	Crapine.	*Moriſini*'s man.
Mr. *Liegh.*	*Petro.*	Suppos'd Pimp to the two Curtezans.

Engliſh.

Mr. *Smith.*	Sir *Harry Fillamour.*	In love with *Marcella.*
Mr. *Betterton.*	Mr. *Galliard.*	In love with *Cornelia.*
Mr. *Nokes.*	Sir *Signall Buffoon.*	A fool.
Mr. *Underhill.*	Mr. *Tickletext*,	His Governour.
	Jack.	Sir *Signals* man.

Women.

Mrs *Lee.*	*Laura Lucretia.*	A young Lady of Quallity, contracted to *Julio*, in love with *Galliard*, and Siſter to *Octavio.*
Mrs *Currer.*	*Marcella.* and *Cornelia.*	Siſters to *Julio*, and Nieces to *Moriſini*, paſs for Curtizans by the Names of *Euphemia* & *Silvianetta*
Mrs *Barry.*		
Mrs *Norris.*	*Phillipa*,	Their Woman.
Mrs *Seymour.*	*Sabina*,	Confident to *Laura Lucretia.*

Pages, Muſick, Footmen, and Bravo's.

SCENE, *Rome.*

THE Feign'd Curtizans, OR, A NIGHTS INTRIGUE.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Laura, Lucretia, *and* Silvio *richly dreſt*; Antonio *attending*, *Coming all in in haſte.*

Silvio.

MAdam, you need not make ſuch haſte away, the Stranger that follow'd us from St: *Peters* Church, purſues us no longer, and we have now loſt ſight of him: Lord who wou'd have thought the approach of a handſome Cavalier ſhould have poſſeſt *Dona Laura Lucretia* with fear?

Lau. I do not fear my *Silvio*, but I wou'd have this new Habitation which I've deſign'd for love, known to none but him to whom I've deſtin'd my heatt: —ah wou'd he know the Conqueſt he has made, [*Aſide.*] Nor went I this evening to Church with any other Devotion, but that which warms my heart for my young Engliſh Cavalier, whom I hop't to have ſeen there, and I muſt finde ſome way to let him know my paſſion which is too high for ſouls like mine to hide.

Silv. Madam, the Cavalier's in view again, and hot in the purſuit

Lau. Lets haſte away then, and *Silvio* do you lag behinde, 'twill give him an opportunity of Enquiring, whilſt I get out of ſight,—be ſure you conceal my Name and Quality, and tell him—any thing but truth—tell him I am *La Silvianetta*, the young Roman Curtizan, or what you pleaſe to hide me from his knowledge. [*Exeunt* Lau.

Enter Julio *and Page in Purſuit.*

Jul. Boy fall you into diſcourſe with that Page, and learn his Ladys Name—whilſt I purſue her farther. [*Exeunt* Jul.

Page ſalutes *Silvio*, who returns it, they go out as talking to each other.

Enter Sr Harry Fillamour *and* Galliard.

Fill. He follows her close, whoe're they be: I see this trade of Love goes forward still.

Gall. And will whilst there's difference in Sexes. But *Harry* the women, the delicate Women I was speaking of?

Fill. Prethee tell me no more of thy fine Women, *Frank*, thou hast not been in *Rome* above a Month, and thou'ast been a Dozen times in Love as thou call'st it: to me there is no pleasure like Constancie.

Gall. Constancy! and woudst thou have me one of those dull Lovers who believe it their Duty to Love a Woman till her Hair and Eyes change Colour for fear of the Scandalous Name of an inconstant! No, my Passion like great Victors hates the lazy stay, but having vanquisht, prepares for new Conquests.

Fill. Which you gain as they do Towns by Fire, lose 'em even in the taking, thou wo't grow Penitent and weary of these Dangerous follys.

Gall. But I am yet two young for both: Let old Age and infirmity bring Repentance, ——there's her feeble Province, and even then too we finde no Plague like being depriv'd of dear Woman-kinde.

Fill. I hate Playing about a Flame that will consume me.

Gall. Away with your Antiquated Notions, and let's once hear sence from thee: Examine but the whole World *Harry*, and thou wilt finde a Beautifull woman the desire of the Noblest, and the reward of the Bravest.

Fill. And the common Prize of Coxcombs: times are alter'd now, *Frank*, why else shou'd the Virtuous be cornuted, the Coward be carest, the Villain role with Six, and the Fool lye with her Ladyship.

Gall. Meer Accident Sir: and the kindness of Fortune, but a Pretty witty young Creature, such as this *Silvianetta*, and *Euphemia*, is certainly the greatest blessing this wicked World can afford us.

Fill. I believe the Lawful enjoyment of such a Woman, and honest too, wou'd be a blessing.

Gall. Lawful enjoyment! Prethee what's lawful enjoyment, but to enjoy'em according to the generous indulgent Law of Nature; enjoy'em as we do Meat, Drink, Ayr and Light, and all the rest of her common blessings;---therefore prithee dear Knight, let me govern thee but for a day, and I will shew thee such a *Signiora*, such a Beauty, another manner of piece then your so admired *Vitterboan*, *Dona Marcella*, of whom you boast so much.

Fill. And yet this rare piece is but a Curtizan, in course-plain English, a very Whore!——

Who filthily exposes all her Beautys to him can give her most, not Love her best.

Gall.

Gall. Whe faith, to thy comfort be it ſpoken, ſhe does diſtribute her charms at that eaſy rate.

Fill. Oh the vaſt diſtance between an innocent paſſion, and a poor faithleſs Luſt.

Gall. Innocent Paſſion at *Rome*! Oh 'tis not to be nam'd but in ſome Northern Climat: to be an Anchoret here, is to be an Epicure in *Greenland*; impoſſibillities *Harry*!

Gall. Sure thou haſt been adviſing with Sir *Signal Buffoons* Governor! that formall piece of nonſenſe and Hipocriſie.

Fill. No faith, I brought the Humour along with me to *Rome*, and for your Governor I have not ſeen him yet, though he lodge in this ſame Houſe with us, and you promis'd to bring me acquainted with long ſince.

Gall. I'le do't this very minute!

Fill. No, I'me oblig'd not to engage my ſelf this Evening, becauſe I expect the arrival of Count *Julio*, whoſe laſt Letters aſſur'd me wou'd be to night.

Gall. Julio! What the young Italian Count you made me acquainted with laſt Summer in *England*?

Fill. The ſame, the Ambaſadors Nephew, a good youth and one I eſteem.

Enter Julio.

Jul. I hope my Page will bring intelligence who this beauty is.

Fill. Hah, *Julio*! Welcome dear Friend. [*Embraces him.*

Jul. Sir *Harry Fillamour*! how glad am I to meet you in a Country where I have power to repay you all thoſe Friendſhips I receiv'd when I was a ſtranger to yours.

Monſieur *Galliard* too, nay then I'me ſure to want no diverſion whilſt I ſtay in *Rome*. [*Salutes* Galliard.

Fill. But pray, what made you leave *England* ſo ſoon?

Jul. E'ne the great buſineſs of Mankinde, Matrimony, I have an Uncle here who has provided me Fetters which I mnſt put on, he ſays, they will be eaſy, I lik't the Character of my Miſtreſs well enough, a brave Maſculine Lady, a Roman of Quality, *Dona Laura Lucretia*, till as luck wou'd have it at my arrival this Evening, ſtepping into S. *Peters* Church, I ſaw a woman there that fir'd my heart, and whom I follow'd to her houſe; but meeting none that cou'd inform me who ſhe was, I left my Page to make the diſcovery, whilſt I with equal impatience came to look out you; whoſe ſight I prefer even to a new Amour, reſolving not to viſit home, to which I have been a ſtranger this ſeven years, till I had kiſt your hands, and gain'd your promiſe to accompany me to *Vitterbo*.

Fill. Vitterbo! is that your place of Reſidence?

Jul. Yes; 'tis a pretty Town, and many noble Familys inhabit there, ſtor'd too with Beauties, at leaſt, 'twas wont to be: have you not ſeen it?

Gall. Yes! and a Beauty there too lately for his repoſe, who has made him ſigh and look ſo like an Aſs ever ſince he came to *Rome.*

Jul. I'me glad you have ſo powerfull an argument to invite you back, I know ſhe muſt be rare, and of quality that cou'd engage your heart.

Fill. She's both, it moſt unluckily fell out, that I was recommended by a Perſon of Quality in *England* to a Nobleman at *Vitterbo*, who being a man of a temper frank and gallant, receiv'd me with leſs Ceremony then is uſual in *Italy*. I had the freedom of the Houſe, one of the fineſt *Villa*'s belonging to *Vitterbo*, and the pleaſure to ſee and converſe at a diſtance, with one of the lovelieſt perſons in the World, a Neece of this old Counts.

Jul. Very well, and cou'd you ſee her but at diſtance, Sir?

Fill. Oh, no, 'twas all I durſt deſire, or ſhe durſt give; I came too late to hope; ſhe being before promis'd in Marriage to a more happy man, the Conſummation of which waits only the arival of a Brother of hers, who is now at the Court of *France*, and every day expected.

Enter Petro *like a Barber.*

Gall. Hah! Signior *Petro:*

Fill. Come Sir, we'l take a turn in the i'th gallery, for this pimp never appears but *Frances* deſires to be in private.

Gall. Thou wrong'ſt an honeſt ingenious fellow to call him pimp.

Pet. Ah Signior, what his worſhip pleaſes!

Gall. That thou art I'le be ſworn, or what any mans worſhip pleaſes, for let me tell ye *Harry*, he is capacitated to oblige in any quality; for Sir, he's your brokering Jew, your Fencing, Dancing and Civillity-Maſter, your Linguiſt, your Antiquary, your Bravo, your Pathick, your Whore, your Pimp, and a thouſand more Excellencies he has to ſupply the neceſſities of the wanting ſtranger.——Well ſirrah—— What deſigne now upon Sir *Signal* and his wiſe Governor;——What do you repreſent now?

Pet. A Barber Sir.

Gall. And why a Barber, good Signior *Petro*?

Pet. Oh Sir, the ſooner to take the heights of their judgments, it gives handſome opportunities to commend their faces, for if they are pleaſed with flattery, the certain ſign of a fool's to be moſt tickled when moſt commended, I conclude 'em the fitter for my purpoſe; they already put great confidence in me, will have no Maſters but of my recommending, all which I ſupply my ſelf, by the help of my ſeveral diſguiſes; by which and my induſtry, I doubt not but to pick up a good honeſt painfull livelihood, by cheating theſe two Reverend Coxcombs.

Gall. How the Devil got'ſt thou this credit with 'em?

Pet. Oh eaſily Sir, as knaves get eſtates, or fools employments.

Fill. I hope amongſt all your good qualities you forgot not your more natural one of pimping.

Pet.

Pet. No, I aſſure you Sir, I have told Sir *Signal Buffoon*; that no Man lives here without his Inamorata, which very word has ſo fir'd him, that he's reſolv'd to have an *I*namorata, whatever it coſt him, and as in all things elſe I have in that too promis'd my aſſiſtance.

Gall. If you aſſiſt him no better then you have done me he may ſtay long enough for his Inamorato.

Pet. Why faith Sir, I lye at my young Lady night and day, but ſhe is ſo loath to part with that ſame Maiden-head of hers yet——but to morrow night Sir ther's hopes.——

Gall. To morrow night! Oh 'tis an Age in Love! deſire knows no time but the preſent, 'tis now I wiſh, and now I wou'd enjoy, a new day ought to bring a new deſire.

Pet. Alas Sir I'me but an humble Bravo.

Gall. Yes thou'rt a pimp, yet want'ſt the art to procure a longing lover the woman he adores, tho' but a common Curtizan——Oh confound her Maidenhead——She underſtands her trade too well to have that badge of Innocence.

Pet. I offered her her price Sir——

Gall. Double it, give any thing, for that's the beſt receipt *I* ever found to ſoften womens hearts.

Pet. Well Sir, ſhe will be this Evening in the Garden of *Medices Villa*, there you may get an opportunity to advance your intereſt——*I* muſt ſtep and trim Mr. *Tickletext*, and then am at your ſervice!

[*Exit* Petro.

Jul. What is this Knight and his Governor who have the bleſſed fortune to be manag'd by this Squire?

Fill. Certain fools *Galliard* makes uſe on when he has a minde to laugh: and whom *I* never thought worth a viſit ſince *I* came to *Rome*: and he's like to profit much by his Travells, who keeps company with all the Engliſh, eſpecially the Fops.

Gall. Faith Sir, *I* came not abroad to return with the formallity of a Judge; and theſe are ſuch anditotes againſt Melancholy as wou'd make thee fond of fooling.——Our Knights Father is even the firſt Gentleman of his Houſe, a fellow, who having the good Fortune to be much a fool and knave, had the attendant bleſſing of getting an Eſtate of ſome eight thouſand a year, with this Coxcomb to inherit it; who (to agrandize the Name and Family of the *Buffoons*) was made a Knight, but to refine throughout and make a compleat Fop, was ſent abroad under the Government of one Mr. *Tickletext* his zealous Fathers Chaplain, as errant a block-head as a man wou'd wiſh to hear Preach: the Father wiſely foreſeeing the eminent danger that young Travellers are in of being perverted to Popery.

Jul. 'Twas well conſider'd.

Gall. But for the young Spark there is no deſcription can reach him; 'tis only to be done by himſelf; let it ſuffice. 'tis a pert, ſawcy, conceited

ceited Animal, whom you ſhall juſt now go ſee, and admire, for he lodges in the houſe with us.

Jul. With all my heart, I never long'd more for a new acquaintance.

Fill. And in all probability ſhall ſooner deſire to be rid on't. aloone.— [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Draws off, and diſcovers Mr. Tickletext *a Trimming, his hair under a Cap, a cloath before him, and* Petro *Snaps his fingers, takes away the Baſon, and goes to wiping his face.*

Tickletext *and* Petro.

Pet. Ah che Bella! Bella! I ſwear by theſe ſparkling Eyes, and theſe ſoft Plump dimpl'd cheeks, there's not a Signiora in all *Rome*, cou'd ſhe behold 'em, were able to ſtand their Temptations, and for *La Silvianetta*, my life on't ſhe's your own.

Tick. Teze, teze, ſpeak ſoftly!—but honeſt *Barberacho*, do I, do I indeed look plump, and young, and freſh and—hah!

Pet. Ay Sir, as the Roſie Morn, young, as old Time in his Infancie, and plump as the Pale-fac't Moon.

Tick. He—Whe this Travelling muſt needs improve a Man,—Whe how admirably well ſpoken your very Barbers are here,—[*Aſide.*]—but *Barberacho*, did the young Gentlewoman ſay ſhe lik't me? did ſhe Rogue? did ſhe?

Pet. A doated on you Signior, doated on you.

Tick. Whe, and that's ſtrange now, in the Autumn of my Age too, when Nature began to be impertinent, as a man may ſay, that a young Lady ſhou'd fall in love with me———[*Aſide.*——Whe *Barberacho*, I do not conceive any great matter of Sin only in viſiting a Lady that loves a man, hah.

Pet. Sin Sir, 'tis a frequent thing now adays in Perſons of your Complexion.

Tick. Eſpecially here at *Rome* too, where 'tis no Scandal.

Pet. Ay Signior, where the Ladys are *Priviledg'd, and Fornication Licenc't.*

Tick. Right! and when 'tis Licens'd 'tis Lawful, and when 'tis Lawful it can be no Sin: beſides *Barberacho*, I may chance to turn her, who knows!

Pet. Turn her Signior, Alaſs any way, which way you pleaſe.

Tick. He he he! There thou wert knaviſh, I doubt—but I mean Convert her—Nothing elſe I profeſs *Barberacho.*

Pet. True Signior, true, ſhe's a Lady of an eaſy Nature, and an Indifferent Argument well handled will do't—ha— [*combing out his Hair.*

here's your head of Hair—here's your Natural Frize! And ſuch an Ayr it gives the Face!—So Signior—Now you have the utmoſt my Art can do. [*takes away the cloth and bows.*

Tick.

Tick. Well Signior:——and where's your looking-glaſs.

Pet. My looking-glaſs.

Tick. Yes Signior your Looking-glaſs! an Engliſh Barber wou'd as ſoon have forgotten to have ſnapt his fingers, made his leg, or taken his Money, as have neglected his looking-glaſs.

Pet. Aye Signior, in your Countrey the Laiety have ſo little honeſty, they are not to be truſted with the taking off your Beard unleſs you ſee't done,——but heres a Glaſs, Sir, [*gives him the Glaſs.*

[Tick. *Sets himſelf and ſmirks in the Glaſs,* Pet. *ſtanding behinde him, making horns and grimaces, which* Tick. *ſees in the Glaſs, gravely riſes, turns towards* Petro.

Tick. Whe how now, *Barberacho*, what Monſtrous faces are you making there?

Pet. Ah my Belly, my Belly, Signior: ah, this Wind-Collick! this *Hypocondriach* does ſo torment me! ah——

Tick. Alaſs poor Knave; *certo*, I thought thou hadſt been ſomewhat uncivil with me, I profeſs I did;

Pet. Who I Sir, uncivil?——I abuſe my Patrone?——I that have almoſt made my ſelf a Pimp to ſerve you?

Tick. Teze teze, honeſt *Barberacho*! no, no, no, all's well, all's well:——but hark y'——you will be diſcreet and ſecret in this buſineſs now, and above all things conceal the knowledge of this Gentlewoman from Sir *Signall* and Mr. *Galliard.*

Pet. The Rack Signior, the Rack ſhall not extort it.

Tick. Hold thy hand——there's ſomewhat for thee, [*gives him money.*
but ſhall I Rogue——ſhall I ſee her to night?———

Pet. To night Sir, meet me in the Piatza *D'hiſpagnia*, about 10 a Clock,——I'le meet you there,——but 'tis fit Signior——that I ſhould provide a Collation,——'tis the Cuſtom here Sir.———

Tick. Well, well, what will it come to,——here's an Angel——

Pet. Whe Sir 'twill come to——about——for you wou'd do't handſomely——ſome twenty Crowns.———

Tick. How man, twenty Crowns?

Pet. Ay Signior, thereabouts.

Tick. Twenty Crowns——Whe 'tis a Sum, a Portion, a Revenue.

Pet. Alaſs Signior, 'tis nothing with her,——ſhe'le look it out in an hour,——ah ſuch an Eye! ſo ſparkling, with an Amorous twire——thus Sir——then ſhe'le kiſs it out in a moment,——ſuch a Lip, ſo red, ſo round, and ſo plump, ſo ſoft, and ſo———

Tick. Why has ſhe, has ſhe, Sirrah——hah——here, here, prethee take Money, here, and make no words on't——go, go your way, go——but to entertain Sir *Signall* with other matter, pray ſend his Maſters to him; if thou canſt help him to Maſters, and me to Miſtreſſes, thou ſhalt be the good Genius of us both: but ſee where he comes.——

Sir

Enter Sir Signall.

Sir *Sig.* Hah! *Signior Illuſtriſſimo Barberacho*, let me hugg thee my little *Miphiſtophiloucho*——de yee ſee here, how fine your Brokering Jew has made me, Segnior *Rabbi Manaſeth--Ben--Nebiton*, and ſo forth; hah——View me round——— [*turns round.*

Tick. I profeſs 'tis as fit as if it had been made for you.

Sir *Sig.* Made for me——Whe Sir, he ſwore to me by the old Law, that 'twas never worn but once, and that but by one high-German Prince——I have forgot his name——for the Devil can never remember theſe damn'd *Hogan-Mogan* Titles. [*a fart.*

Tick. No matter, Sir.

Sir *Sig.* Ay, but I ſhou'd be loth to be in any mans clothes, were he never ſo high a German-Prince, except *I* knew his name tho.

Tick. Sir, I hold his Name unneceſſary to be remembred, ſo long as 'twas a Princely penniworth.——*Barberacho* get you gone, and ſend the Maſters. [*Ex.* Petro.

Sir *Sig.* Why how now Governour! how now Signior *Tickletext*! prethee how cam'ſt thou ſo tranſmografi'd, ha? whe thou look'ſt like any new-fiedg'd *Cupid.*

Tick. Do I, away you flatter, Do *I*?

Sir *Sig.* As I hope to breathe, your face ſhines through your pow-der'd hairs like you know what on a barn-door, in a froſty morning.

Tick. What a filthy compariſon's there for a man of my coat.

Sir *Sig.* What, angry——*Corpo di me*, *I* meant no harm,——Come, ſhall's to a *Bonaroba*, where thou ſhalt part with thy puſilage, and that of thy beard together.

Tick. How mean you Sir, a Curtizan, and a Romiſh Curtizan?

Sir *Sig.* Now my Tuter's up, ha ha ha,——and ever is when one names a whore; be pacifi'd man, be paciſi'd, *I* know thou hat'ſt 'em worſe then beads or holy-water.

Tick. Away you are ſuch another Knight——but leave this Naughty diſcourſe, and prepare for your Fencing and Civility-Maſters, who are coming,

Sir *Sig.* Ay, when Governour, when; oh how I long for my Civili-ty-Maſter, that I may learn to out-complement all the dull Knights and Squires in *Kent*, with a *Servitore Hulichimo*——*No ſigniora Belliſſima, baſe le Mane, de vos ſigniora ſcuſa mia Illuſtriſſimo, caſpeto de Bacco*, and ſo I'le run on, hah Governor, hah! won't this be pure?

Tick. Notably Ingenious, I profeſs!

Sir *Sig.* Well I'le ſend my *Staffiera* for him *incontinente*.——he, *Jack*——a——*Cazo*, what a Damn'd Engliſh name is *Jack*? let me ſee——I will call him——*Giovanni*, which is as much as to ſay *John*!——he *Giovanni*. [*Enter* Jack.

Tick. Sir, by your favour his Engliſh Proteſtant-Name is *John Pepper*; and I'le call him by ne're a Popiſh name in Chriſtiandom.

Sir *Sig.*

Sir *Sig.* I'le call my own man Sir, by what name I pleaſe Sir; and let me tell you Reverend Mr. *Tickletext*, I ſcorn to be ſerv'd by any man who's name has not an *Acho*, or an *Oucho*, or ſome *Italliano* at the end on't——therefore *Giovanni Peperacho* is the name by which you ſhall be diſtinguiſht and dignify'd hereafter.

Tick. Sir *Signall*, Sir *Signall*, let me tell you, that to call a man out of his name is unwarantable, for *Peter* is call'd *Peter*, and *John*, *John*, and I'le not ſee the poor fellow wrong'd of his name for nere a *Giovanni* in *Rome*.

Sir *Sig.* Sir I tell you that one Itallian Name is worth any two Engliſh names in *Europe*, and I'le be judg'd by my Civility-Maſter.

Tick. Who ſhall end the diſpute, if he be of my Opinion.

Sir *Sig* *Multo vollentiero*, which is as much as to ſay, with all my heart.

Jack. But Sir, my Grandmother wou'd never own me if I ſhould change the curſen name ſhe gave me with her own hands, an't pleaſe your Worſhip.

Sir *Sig.* He *Beſtia*! I'le have no more of your Worſhip, firrah, that old Engliſh Sir Reverence, let me have you call me *Signior Illuſtriſſimo*, or *Patrona Mea*——or——

Tick. I, that I like well enough now:——but hold, ſure this is one of your Maſters.

Enter Petro *dreſt like a French Fencing Maſter.*

Pet. Signior *Barberacho* has ſent me to teach you de Art of Fencing.

Sir *Sig.* *Illuſtriſſimo Signior Monſieur*, I am the Perſon who am to learn.

Tick. Stay Sir ſtay,——let me ask him ſome few queſtions firſt, for Sir *I* have play'd at Back-Sword and cou'd have handled ye a weapon as well as any man of my time in the Univerſity.

Sir *Sig.* Say you ſo Mr. *Tickletext*, and *I'*faith you ſhall have about with him. [Tick. *Gravely goes to* Petro.

Tick. Hum——hum——Mr. *Monſieur*——pray what are the Guards that you like beſt?

Pet. *Monſieur*, *eder de Quart or de Terſe*, dey be both French and Itallian; den for your Parades, degagements, your advancements. your Eloynements, and Retierments: dey be de ſame;

Tick. Cart and Horſe, what new found inventions and words have we here,——Sir *I* wou'd know, whether you like St. *Georges* Guard or not.

Pet. Alon——*Monſieur*, *Mette vous en Guard*! take de Flurette.

Sir *Sig.* Nay faith and troth Governor thou ſhat have a Rubbers with him. [Tick. *Smiling refuſes.*

Tick. Nay *certo* Sir *Signal*,——and yet you ſhall prevail;——well Sir, come your ways? [*Takes the fluret.*

Pet. Set your right foot forward, turn up your hand ſo——dat be *de Quart*——Now turn it dus——and dat be *de Terſe.*

Tick. Hocus, Pocus, Hickſius, Doxius——here be de Cart and here be de Horſe—why what's all this for, hah Sir—and where's your guard all this while?

Sir *Sig.* Ay Sir where's your Guard Sir, as my Governor ſays, Sir, hah?

Tick. Come, come, Sir, I muſt inſtruct you I ſee—Come your ways Sir.—

Pet. A Tande a Tande um pew,—truſt de right hand and de right leg forward together.——

Tick. I marry Sir, that's a good one indeed! what ſhall become of my head then Sir, what Guard have I left for that good Mr. *Monſieur*, hah?

Pet. Ah Morblew, is not dis for every ting?

Tick. No marry is it not Sir, St. *Georges* Guard is the beſt for your head whilſt you live,——as thus Sir.——

Pet. Dat Sir, ha ha——dat be Guard for de Back-Sword.

Tick. Back-ſword Sir, yes, Back-ſword, what ſhould it be elſe.

Pet. And dis be de Single-Rapier.

Tick. Single-Rapier with a vengeance, there's a weapon for a Gentleman indeed; is all this ſtir about Single-Rapier?

Pet. Single-Rapier! What will you have for de Gentleman, de Gudgell for de Gentleman?

Tick. No Sir, but I wou'd have it for de Raſcally French-man who comes to abuſe perſons of Quality with Paltry Single-Rapier.——Single Rapier! Come Sir, come,——put your ſelf in your Cart and your Horſe as you call it, and i'le ſhew you the difference.

Undreſſes himſelf till he appears in a Ridiculous Poſture.

Pet. Ah *Monſieur* me ſall run you two three times through de body, and den you break a me head, what care I for dat:——Pox on his ignorance! [*Aſide.*

Tick. Oh ho Sir, do your worſt Sir, do your worſt Sir.

They put themſelves into ſeveral Guards, and Tick. *beats* Pet. *about the Stage——Enter* Gall. Fill. *and* Jul.

Pet. Ah *Monſieur*, *Monſieur*, will you kill a me?

Tick. Ah *Monſieur* where be your Carts now and your Horſe, Mr. *Monſieur*, hah!——and your Single-Rapier Mr. *Monſieur* hah!——

Gall. Why how now Mr. *Tickletext*, what mortal wars are theſe? *Ajax* and *Uliſſes* contending for *Achillis* his Armour?

Pet. If I be not reveng'd on him, hang me: [*Aſide.*

Sir *Sig.* Ay, why who the Devil wou'd have taken my Governor for ſo tall a man of hands, but *Corpo de me* Mr. *Galliard*, I have not ſeen his Fellow.

Tick.

Tick. Ah Sir, time was, I wou'd have play'd ye a Match at Cudgells with e're a Sophiſter in the Colledge, but verily I have forgotten it, but here's an impudent French-man that wou'd have paſt Single-Rapier upon us.

Gall. How, nay a my word then he deſerv'd to be chaſtis'd for't.——but now all's at peace again; Pray know my kinſman, Sir *Harry Fillamour.*

Sir *Sig. Yo baco les manos,* Signior *Illuſtriſſimo Cavaliero,*——and yours Signiors who are *Multo bien Venito*;

Tick. Oh Lord Sir, you take me Sir——in ſuch a poſture Sir——as I proteſt I have not been ſeen in this many years.

[*Dreſſing himſelf whilſt he talks.*

Fill. Exerciſe is good for health Sir.

Gall. Sir *Signal,* you are grown a perfect Italian? Well Mr. *Tickletext* you will carry him home a moſt accompliſh't Gentleman I ſee!

Tick. Hum, verily Sir though I ſay it, for a man that never travell'd before, I think I have done reaſonably well;——I'le tell you Sir——it was by my directions and advice, that he brought over with him,——two Engliſh knives, a thouſand of Engliſh pins, four pair of Jerſey ſtockings, and as many pair of Buck-skin Gloves.

Sir *Sig.* Ay Sir, for good Gloves you know are very ſcarce comodities in this Country.

Jul. Here Sir at *Rome,* as you ſay, above all other places.

Tick. Certo meer hedging-Gloves Sir, and the clouterleſt ſeams.——

Fill. Very right Sir,——and now he talks of *Rome,*——Pray Sir give me your opinion of the place?——are there not Noble buildings here? rare ſtatues, and admirable Fountains?

Tick. Your buildings are pretty buildings, but not comparable to our Univerſity-buildings; your Fountains I confeſs are pretty Springs,—and your ſtatues reaſonably well carv'd——but Sir, they are ſo ancient they are of no vallue! then your Churches are the worſt that ever I ſaw——that ever I ſaw.

Gall. How Sir, the Churches, why I thought *Rome* had been famous throughout all *Europe* for fine Churches.

Fill. What think you of St. *Peters* Church Sir, Is it not a glorious ſtructure?

Tick. St. *Peters* Church Sir, you may as well call it St. *Peters* Hall Sir; it has neither Pew, Pullpit, Desk, Steeple, nor Ring of Bells, and call you this a Church Sir? no Sir, I'le ſay that for little *England,* and a fig for't, for Churches, eaſy Pulpits [Sir *Sig. ſpeaks,* and ſleeping Pews,] they are as well order'd as any Churches in Chriſtiandom: and finer Rings of Bells Sir, I'am ſure were never heard.

Jul. Oh Sir there's much in what you ſay.

Fill. But then Sir, your Rich Altars, and excellent Pictures of the greateſt Maſters of the World, your delicate Muſick, and Voices, make ſome amends for the other wants.

Tick. How Sir! tell me of your Rich Altars, your guegaws and trinkets, and Popiſh Foperies! with a deal of ſing-ſong—when I ſay give me Sir five hundred cloſe changes rung by a ſet of good Ringers, and I'le not exchange 'em for all the Anthens in *Europe* : and for the Pictures Sir, they are ſuperſtition, Idolatrous, and flat Popery.

Fill. I'le convince you of that errour that perſwades you harmleſs Pictures are Idolatrous.

Tick. How Sir, how Sir, convince me, talk to me of being convinc't and that in favour of Popery; No Sir, by your favour I ſhall not be convinc't, convinc't quoth a——No Sir far you well an you be for convincing, come away Sir *Signall*, far you well Sir, far you well——convin'ct. [*goes out.*

Sir *Sig.* Ha, ha, ha, ſo now is my Governor gone in a Fuſtian-fume, well, he is ever thus when one talks of whoring and Religion, but come Sir walk in, and I'le undertake my Tutor ſhall beg your pardon and renounce his Engliſh ill-bred opinion; Nay, his Engliſh Churches too——all but his own Vicaridge.

Fill. I have better diverſion Sir I thank you——come *Julio*, are you for a walk in the Garden of *Medices Villa*, 'tis hard by?——

Jul. I'le wait on you—— [*Ex.* Fill. *and* Julio.

Sir *Sig.* How in the Garden of *Medices Villa*——but harkey *Galliard*, will the Ladies be there, the Curtizans! the *bona roba's*, the *inamorata's*, and the *Bell ingrato's*, hah?

Gall. Oh doubtleſs Sir; [*Ex.* Gall.

Sir *Sig.* I'le ene bring my Governor thither to beg his Pardon, on purpoſe to get an Opportunity to ſee the fine Women; it may be I may get a ſight of my new Miſtreſs, *Dona Silvianetta* whom *Petro* is to bring me acquainted with. [*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Murismi *and* Octavio.

Oct. BY Heaven I will not Eat, nor sleep, nor pray for any thing but swift and sure Revenge, till I have found *Marcella*, that false deceiving Beauty or her Lover, my hated Rival *Fillamour*! who wanton in the Arms of the fair Fugitive laughs at my shamefull easiness, and crys, these joys were never meant for tame *Octavio*!

Enter Crapine.

Mur. How now *Crapine*! What no news, no news of my Neeces yet, *Marcella* nor *Cornelia*?

Crap. None Sir.

Oct. That's wondrous strange, *Rome's* a place of that general Intelligence, methinks thou might'st have news of such Trivial things as women, amongst the Cardinals Pages; I'le undertake to learn the Region *de stato*, and present juncture of all affairs in *Italy* of a common Curtizan.

Mur. Sirrah sirrah, let be it your care to examine all the Nunnerys, for my own part not a petticoat shall escape me.——

Oct. My task shall be for *Fillamore*. [*Aside.*

Mur. I'le only make a visit to your sister *Dona Laura Lucretia*, and deliver her a Letter from my Nephew *Julio*, and return to you presently.—— [*Going out, is stay'd by* Octavio.

Oct. Stay Sir, defer your visit to my sister *Laura*, she is not yet to know of my being in Town, 'tis therefore I have taken a lodging in an obscure street, and am resolv'd never to be my self again till I've redeem'd my Honour. Come Sir, lets walk.——

Enter to them as they are going out, Marcella *and* Cornelia, *dress like Curtizans*, Philipa *and attendance.*

Mur. Stay stay, what women are these?

Oct. Whores Sir, and so 'tis ten to one are all the kind, only these differ from the rest in this, they generously own their trade of sin, which others deal by stealth in: they are Curtizans. [*Exeunt.*

Mar. The Evenings soft and calm, as happy Lovers thoughts:
And here are Groves where the kind meeting Trees
Will hide us from the Amourous gazing croud.

Cor. What shou'd we do there, sigh till our wandering Breath,
Has rais'd a gentle gale amongst the boughs;
To whose dull melancholly Musick, we

Laid

Laid on a Bed of Moſs, and new fall'n leaves,
Will reade the diſmall tale of Eccho's Love!
——No, I can make better uſe of Famous *Ovid*!

[*Snatches a little Book from her.*

And prethee what a pox have we to do with Trees,
Flowers, Fountains, or naked ſtatues?

Mar. But prethee mad *Cornelia* lets be grave and wiſe, at leaſt enough to think a little.

Cor. On what? your Engliſh Cavalier, *Fillamour*, of whom you tell ſo many dull ſtories of his making Love! Oh how I hate a civil whining Coxcomb!

Mar. And ſo do I, I'le therefore think of him no more.

Cor. Good Lord! what a damnable wicked thing is a Virgin grown up to woman.

Mar. Why art thou ſuch a fool, to think I love this *Fillamour?*

Cor. It may be not at *Rome*, but at *Vitterbo*, where men are ſcarce you did; and did you follow him to *Rome*, to tell him you cou'd Love no more?

Mar. A too forward Maid *Cornelia*, hurts her own fame, and that of all her ſex.

Cor. Her Sex, a pretty conſideration by my youth, an Oath I ſhall not violate this dozen year, my ſex ſhou'd excuſe me, if to preſerve their fame, they expected I ſhou'd ruin my own quiet: in chuſing an ill favourd Husband, ſuch as *Octavio* before a young handſome Lover, ſuch as you ſay *Fillamour* is.

Mar. I wou'd fain perſwade my ſelf to be of thy minde,——but the World *Cornelia.*——

Cor. Hang the malicious World——

Mar. And there's ſuch charms, in wealth and Honour too!

Cor. None half ſo powerfull as Love, in my opinion, 'life Si ter thou art beautifull, and haſt a Fortune too, which before I wou'd lay out upon ſo ſhamefull a purchaſe as ſuch a Bedfellow for life as *Octavio*; *I* wou'd turn errant keeping Curtizan, and buy my better fortune.

Mar. That word too ſtartles me.

Cor. What Curtizan, why 'tis a Noble title and has more *Votaries then Religion*, there's no Merchandize like ours, that of Love my ſiſter! ——and can you be frighted with the vizor, which you your ſelf put on.

Mar. 'Twas the only diſguiſe that cou'd ſecure us from the ſearch of my Uncle and *Octavio*, our Brother *Julio* is by this too arriv'd, and I know they'l all be dilligent,——and ſome honour I was content to ſacrificſe to my eternal repoſe.

Cor. Spoke like my ſiſter, a little impertinent Honour, we may chance to loſe 'tis true, but our right down honeſty, I perceive you are reſolv'd we ſhall maintain through all the dangers of Love and Gallantry;

lantry ;——though to ſay truth I finde enough to do, to defend my heart againſt ſome of thoſe Members that Nightly ſerinade us : and daily ſhow themſelves before our window, Gay as young Bridegrooms and as full of expectation.

Mar. But is't not wondrous, that amongſt all theſe crowds we ſhould not once ſee *Fillamour*, I thought the charms of a fair young Curtizan, might have oblig'd him to ſome curioſity at leaſt.

Cor. Ay ! and an Engliſh Cavalier too, a Nation ſo fond of all new Faces.

Mar. Heaven, if I ſhould never ſee him, and I frequent all publique places to meet him ; or if he be gone from *Rome*, if he have forgot me, or ſome other Beauty have imploy'd his thoughts !——

Cor. Whe if all theſe if's and or's come to paſs, we have no more to do then to advance in this ſame glorious Profeſſion, of which now we only ſeem to be : ——in which to give it its due, there are a thouſand ſatisfactions to be found, more then in a dull virtuous life ! Oh the world of dark Lanthorn men we ſhou'd have ; the Serinades, the Songs, the ſighs, the Vows, the Preſents, the quarels, and all for a look or a ſmile, which you have been hitherto ſo covetous of, that *Petro* ſwears our Lovers begins to ſuſpect us for ſome honeſt gilts ; which by ſome is accounted much the lewder ſcandal of the two, ——therefore I think faith we muſt one be kinde a little, to redeem our reputations.

Mar. However we may rally, certainly there's nothing ſo hard to woman, as to expoſe her ſelf to villainous Man.

Cor. Faith Siſter, if 'twere but as eaſy to ſatisfy the nice ſcruples of Religion, and Honour, I ſhould finde no great difficulty in the reſt,—— beſides another argument I have, our money's all gone, and without a Miracle can hold out no longer honeſtly.——

Mar. Then we muſt ſell our Jewels !

Cor. When they are gone, what Jewell will you part with next.

Mar. Then we muſt. —

Cor. What, go home to *Vitterbo*, ask the Old Gentleman pardon, and be receiv'd to Grace again, you to the embraces of the amiable *Octavio* ; and I to St. *Teretia's*, to whiſtle through a Grate like a Bird in a Cage,——for I ſhall have little heart to ſing :——but come let's leave this ſad talk, here's men——let's walk and gain new Conqueſt, I love it dearly.—— [*Walk down the Garden.*

Enter Gall. Fill. *and* Jul. *See the Women.*

Gall. Women ! and by their garbo for our purpoſe too——they're Curtizans, lets follow 'em.

Fill. What ſhall we get by gazing but diſquiet, if they are fair and honeſt, we look and perhaps may ſigh in vain ; if beautiful and looſe, they are not worth regarding.

Gall.

Gall. Dear Notional Knight, leave your ſatirical Foperies, and be at leaſt good humour'd, and let's follow 'em.

Jul. I'le leave you in the purſuit, and take this opportunity, to write my Uncle word of my arrival: and wait on you here anon.

Fill. Prethee do ſo: hah, whoſe that with ſuch an equipage?

[*Exit.* Jul. Fill. *and* Gall. *going after.* Marcella *and* Cor. *meet juſt entring,* Laura *with her Equipage, dreſt like a man.*

Gall. Pox, let the Tradeſmen ask, who cringe for ſuch gay Cuſtomers, and follow us the women!

[*Exit* Fill. *and* Gall. *down the ſcene.* Lau. *looking after 'em.*

Laur. 'Tis he, my Cavalier! my Conqueror: *Antonio,* let the Coaches wait!——and ſtand at diſtance all! Now *Silvio,* on thy life forget my Sex and quality, forget my uſeleſs Name of *Laura Lucretia,* and call me Count of——

Silv. What Madam?

Lau. Madam! ah fooliſh Boy? thy feminine courage will betray us all;——but——call me——Count——*San's Cœure;*——and tell me *Silvio,*
How is it I appear!
How doſt thou like my ſhape——my face and dreſs?
My Mien and Equipage, may I not paſs for man?
Looks it *en Prince,* and Maſculine,

Silv. Now as I live you look all over what you wiſh; and ſuch, as will beget a reverance and Envy in the men, and Paſſion in the women, but what's the cauſe of all this transformation?

Lau. Love! Love! Dull boy, cou'dſt thou not gueſs 'twas Love? that dear Engleſe I muſt enjoy my *Silvio.*

Silv. What he that adores the fair young Curtizan.

Lau. That very he, my window joyns to hers, and 'twas with charms
Which he'ad prepar'd for her, he took this heart,
Which met the wellcome Arrows in their flight.
And ſav'd her from their dangers,
Oft I've returnd the vows he'as made to her
And ſent him pleas'd away;
When through the Errours of the Night, and diſtance
He has miſtook me for that happy wanton,
And gave me Language of ſo ſoft a Power,
As ne're was breath'd in vain to liſtening Maids.

Silv. But with permiſſion, Madam, how does this change of Petticote for Britches, and ſhifting houſes too, advance that Love?

Lau. This habit, beſides many opportunities 'twill give me, of geting into his acquaintance, ſecures me to from being known by any of my Relations in *Rome*; then I have chang'd my houſe for one ſo neer to that of *Silvianettas,* and ſo like it too, that even you and I have oft miſtook the entrance; by which means Love, Fortune, or Chance;

chance, may with my induſtry contrive ſome kinde miſtake that may make me happyer then the reſt of woman kinde.

Silv. But what ſhall be reſerv'd then for Count *Julio*, whoſe laſt letters promiſe his arrival within a day or two, and whom you're then to Marry?

Lau. Reſerv'd for him! a wife! a wife my *Silvio*,
That unconcern'd Domeſtique Neceſſary,
Who rarely brings a heart, or takes it ſoon away:

Silv. But then your Brother Count *Octavio*, do you not fear his jealouſie?

Lau. *Octavio*! Oh Nature has ſet his Soul and mine at odds,
And I can know no fear, but where I Love!

Silv. And then that thing that Ladys call their Honour——

Lau. Hononr, That hated Idoll, even by thoſe
That ſet it up to worſhip: No,
I have a Soul my Boy, and that's all Love!
And I'le the Tallent which Heaven lent improve?

[*Going out, meets* Marcella *and* Cornelia *followed by* Gall. *and* Fill.

Sil. Here be the Curtizans, my Lord?

Lucr. Hah, *Silvianetta* and *Euphemia*! purſu'd too by my Cavalier, I'le round the Garden, and mix my ſelf amongſt 'em,

[*Exeunt with her train.*

Mar. Prethee Siſter let's retire into the grove, to avoid the purſuit of theſe Cavaliers?

Cor. Not I, by theſe killing Eyes! I'le ſtand my ground were there a thouſand, all Arm'd with Conquering Beauty?

Mar. Hah——Now on my Conſcience yonders *Fillamour*!

Cor. Ha! *Fillamour*!

Mar. My courage fails me at the ſight of him——I muſt retire.

Cor. And I'le too my Art of Love!

[Mar. *retires and leans againſt a Tree,* Cor. *walks about reading.*

Gall. 'Tis ſhe, 'tis *Silvianetta*! Prethee advance that thou maiſt behold her and renounce all honeſt women: ſince in that one young ſinner there are charms, that wou'd excuſe even to thee all frailty;

Fill. The forms of Angells cou'd not reconcile me
To women of her trade.

Gall. This is too happy an opportunity, to be loſt in convincing thy ſingularity,—— [Gall. *goes bowing by the ſide of* Cornelia, Fill. *walks about in the Scene.*

——If creatures ſo fair and charming, as your ſelf had any need of prayer, I ſhou'd believe by your profound attention you were at your Evenings Devotion.

Cor. That you may finde your miſtake, in the opinion of my charms, Pray believe I am ſo, and ought not to be interrupted.

Gall. I hope a Man may have leave to make his Devotions by you,

at leaſt, without danger or offence?

Cor. I know not that, I have reaſon to fear your devotion may be ominous, like a Blazing Star, it comes but ſeldom,——but ever threatens miſchief,——Pray Heaven I ſhare not in the calamity:

Gall. Whe I confeſs Madam, my fit of zeal does not take me often, but when it does, 'tis very harmleſſe and wondrous hearty.——

Cor. You may begin then, I ſhall not be ſo wicked as to diſturb your Oriſons.

Gall. Wou'd I cou'd be well aſſur'd of that, for mine's devotion of great neceſſity, and the bleſſing I pray infinitely for, conſerves me; therefore in Chriſtian Charity keep down your eyes, and do not ruine a young mans good intentions, unleſſe they wou'd agree to ſend kinde looks, and ſave me the expence of prayer.

Cor. Which wou'd be better laid out you think upon ſome other bleſſing.

Gall. Whe faith 'tis good, to have a little bank upon occaſion, though I hope I ſhall have no great need hereafter,——if the charming *Silvianetta* be but kinde, 'tis all I ask of Heaven.

Cor. You're very well acquainted with my Name I find!

Gall. Your Name! 'tis all I have to live on!
Like cheerfull Birds, 'tis the firſt tune I ſing,
To wellcome in the day:
The Groves repeat it, and the Fountains Purle it,
And every pretty ſound that fills my ear,
Turns all to *Silvianetta*! [Fill. *looks a while on* Marcella.

Fill. Galliard, look there——look on that lovely woman; 'tis *Marcella*! the Beautifull *Marcella*! [*Offers to run to her*, Gall. *holds him.*

Gall. Hold! *Marcella*! where?

Fill. That Lady there! did'ſt ever ſee her equall?

Gall.——Whe faith as you ſay *Harry*, that Lady is beautifull——and make us thankfull——kinde, whe 'tis *Euphemia* Sir, the very Curtizan, I wou'd have ſhow'd you.——

Fill. Forbear, I am not fit for mirth.

Gall. Nor I in humour to make you merry;
I tell ye——yonder woman——is a Curtizan.

Fill. Do not prophane nor rob Heaven of a Saint!

Gall. Nor you rob mankinde of ſuch a bleſſing, by giving it to Heaven before its time.——I tell thee 'tis a whore! a fine deſirable expenſive whore.

Fill. By Heaven it cannot be! I'le ſpeak to her, and call her my *Marcella*, and undeceive thy leud opinion. [*Offers to go, he holds him.*

Gall. Do, ſalute her in good Company for an honeſt woman——do——and ſpoil her markets:——'twill be a pretty civil ſpightful Complement, and no doubt well taken;——come I'le convince ye Sir,

[*Goes and pulls* Philipa.

——Hearkey

—Harkey thou kinde help-meet for man—thou gentle childe of Night—What is the price of a Night or two of pleaſure, with yonder Lady—*Euphemia*, I mean, that Roman Curtizan.—

Fill. Oh Heavens! a Curtizan!

Phil. Sure you're a great ſtranger in *Rome*, that cannot tell her price.

Gall. I am ſo—Name it prethee, here's a young Engliſh purchaſer—Come forward man, and cheapen for your ſelf,— [*Pulls him.*

Phil. Oh ſpare your pains, ſhe wants no cuſtomers.—[*flings away.*

Fill. No No, it cannot, muſt not be, *Marcella*!
She has too much Divinity about her,
Not to defend her from all imputation,
Scandal wou'd die to hear her name pronounc't.

Phil. Believe me, Madam, he knows you not, I overheard all he ſaid to that Cavalier, and finde he's much in Love!

Mar. Not know me, and in love! puniſh him Heaven for falſhood! but I'le contribute to deceive him on, and ruin him with perjury.

Fill. I am not yet convinc't, I'le try her farther! [*Goes to her bowing.*
—but, Madam, is that Heavenly beauty purchaſable? I'le pay a heart rich with ſuch wounds, and flames.—

Gall. Not forgetting the Money too good lad, or your wounds and flames will be of little uſe! [Gall. *goes to* Cornelia.

Mar. He tells you truth, Sir, we are not like the Ladies of your Country, who tire out their men with loving upon the ſquare, heart for heart, till it becomes as dull as Matrimony, to women of our profeſſion there's no Rethorick like ready Money, nor Billet-Doux like Bill of Exchange.

Fill. Oh! that Heaven ſhou'd make two perſons ſo reſembling,
And yet ſuch different ſouls—— [*Looks on her.*
—'sdeath how ſhe darts me through with every look,
But if ſhe ſpeak ſhe heals the wound again:

Enters Octavio, *with followers.*

Octa. Hah, my Rival *Fillamour* here! fall on—draw Sir,—and ſay I gave you one advantage more and fought thee fairly.

[*Draws on* Fill. Fill. *fights him out*; the Ladies run off: *Gall. Falls on the followers, with whom whilſt he is ingaged, Enters* Julio, *draws and aſſiſts him: and* Laura *at the ſame time on the other ſide*; *Enter* Petro *dreſt like a Civility-Maſter*; *Sir* Signal *and* Tickletext, *Sir* Signal *climbs a Tree*; Tick. *runs his head in a buſh, and lies on his hands and knees*, Pet. *aſſiſts* Gall. *and fights out the Bravo's*: Pet. *re-Enters.*

Lau. Hah my Cavalier ingag'd amongſt the ſlaves.

Pet. My Ladys Lovers! and ſet upon by *Octavio*! we muſt be dilligent in our affairs! Sir *Signal* where are ye! *Signior Tickletext*! I hope they have not miſcarried in the fray?

Sir *Sig.* Oh *vot Servitor vos Signoria*, miſcarried, no the fool has wit enough to keep out of harms way. [*Comes down from the Tree.*

Pet. Oh very diſcreetly done Signior. ——

[*Sees* Tick. *in a buſh, pulls him out by the heels.*

Sir *Sig.* Whe how now Governor what afraid of ſwords.

Tick. No Sir, I am not afraid of Swords, but I am afraid of danger.

[*Enter* Gall. *embracing* Laura! *after'em*, Jul. *and* Fill. Fill. *looks about.*

Gall. This bravery Sir was wondrous!

Lau. 'Twas only juſtice Sir you being oppreſt with odds.

Fill. She's gone! ſhe's gone in Triumph with my Soul.

Jul. What was the matter Sir, how came this miſchief?

Fill. Oh eaſily Sir; I did but look, and infinitly lov'd!

Jul. And therefore were you drawn upon, or was it ſome old Pique?

Fill. I know not Sir, Oh tell not me of quarrels.
The woman friend, the woman has undone me!

Gall. Oh a bleſſed hearing! I'me glad of the reformation Sir, you were ſo ſqueamiſh forſooth, that a whore wou'd not down with ye! no, 'twou'd ſpoil your Reputation.——

Fill. A whore! wou'd I cou'd be convinc't ſhe were ſo, 'twou'd call my Virtue home and make me man again!

Gall. Thou ly'ſt——thou'rt as weak a Brother as the beſt on's, and believe me *Harry*, theſe ſort of Damſells are like witches, if they once get hold of a man, he's their own till the charm be ended; you gueſs what that is Sir?

Fill. Oh *Frank*, hadſt thou then felt how tenderly ſhe preſt my hand in hers; as if ſhe wou'd have kept there for ever, it wou'd have made thee mad, ſtark mad in Love!——and nothing but *Marcella* cou'd have charm'd me; [*Aſide.*

Gall. Ay Gad, I'le warrant thee,——well thou ſhalt this night enjoy her.

Fill. How!

Gall. How, Whe faith *Harry*, ene the old way, I know no other. Whe thou ſhalt ly with her man! come let's to her.

Fill. Away, let's follow her inſtantly. [*Going out, ſtopt by Sir* Signal.

Enter Sir Sig. Tick. Petro.

Sir *Sig.* Signior, I have brought Mr. *Tickletext*, to beg your pardon——Sir.

Fill. I've other buſineſs Sir. [*Goes out.*

Gall. Come let's follow him, and you my generous Cavalier, muſt give me leave to beg the Honour of your friendſhip.

Lau. My inclinations Sir, have given you more——pray let me wait on you to your Lodgings, leſt a farther inſolence ſhou'd be offer'd you.

Gall.

Gall. Sir you oblige too faſt; [*They go out.*

Sir *Sig.* Ah *che Deavilo Ayles* theſe hot-brain'd fellows, ſure they're Drunk.

Pet, Oh fee Signior, Drunk, for a man of Quality—'tis intollerable.

Sir *Sig.* Ay: Whe how ſo Signior *Morigoroſo.*

Pet. Imbriaco, had made it a fine ſpeech indeed.

Sir *Sig.* Whe faith, and ſo it had, as thus,——*ach Deavilo Ailes* theſe hot-brain'd fellows, ſure they are *imbriaco,*——now would not I be Drunk for a thouſand Crowns: *imbriacho* ſounds *Cinqant par cent* better,——Come Noble Signior, let's *Andiamo a Caſa,* which is as much as to ſay, let's amble home.——

Tick. Introth, wondrous expert——*Certo* Signior he's an apt Schollar.

Sir *Sig.* Ah Sir, you ſhall ſee, when I come to my civillities.——

Pet. Where the firſt leſſon you ſhall learn, is, how to give, and how to receive, with a Bon-Grace!

Tick. That receiving leſſon I will learn my ſelf;

Pet. This unfrequented part of the Garden, Signior will fit our purpoſe as well as your Lodgings,——Firſt then——Signiors your addreſs,

[*Puts himſelf in the middle.*

[Petro *bows on both ſides, they do the like.*

——Very well! that's at the approach of any perſon of Quality; after which you muſt take out your Snuff-Box.

Sir *Sig.* Snuff-Box: whe we take no ſnuff Signior.

Pet. Then Sir by all means you muſt learn: for beſides the mode and gravity of it, it inviveates the *Pericranium*! that is ſapientiat's the brain,——that is, inſpires wit, thought, invention, underſtanding, and the like——you conceive me Signiors—— [*Bowing.*

Sir *Sig.* Moſt profoundly Signior.—— [*Bowing.*

Pet.——Then Signiors, it keeps you in confidance, and countinance! and whilſt you gravely ſeem to take a ſnuſh, you gain time to anſwer to the purpoſe, (and in a politique poſture——as thus)——to any intricate queſtion.

Tick. Hum——*certo* I like that well; and 'twere admirable if a man were allow'd to take it when he's out in's Sermon.

Pet. Doubtleſs Signior you might, it helps the memory better then Roſemary, therefore I have brought each of you a Snuff-Box.

Sir *Sig.* By no means: Excuſe me Signior. [*Refuſes to take 'em.*

Pet. Ah Bagatells Signior, Bagatells, and now Signiors, I'le teach you how to take it, with a handſome Grace, Signior your hand;—— and yours Signior. [*Lays ſnuff on their hands.*

——So now draw your hand to, and frow under your Noſes, and ſnuff it hard up:——Excellent well,

[*They dawb all their Noſes, and make grimaces and ſneeze.*

Sir *Sig.* Methinks Signior, this ſnuff ſtinks moſt damnably: Pray what ſcent do you call this?

Pet

Pet. *Cackamarda Orangate*, a rare perfume I'le assure ye, Sir.

Sir *Sig.* *Cackamarda Orangate*, and 'twere not for the Name of *Cackamarda*, and so forth, a man had as good have a Sir Reverence at his Nose. [*Sneezes, often he crys bonprovache.*

Pet. Bonprovache——Signior, you do not understand it yet, bonprovache.

Sir *Sig.* Whe Sir 'tis impossible to endure this same *Cackamarda*, Whe Assaffetteda is Odoriferous to it. [*Sneezing.*

Pet. 'Tis your right *Dulce Piquante*, believe me:——but come Signiors wipe your Noses and proceed to your giving lesson.

Sir *Sig.* As how Signior.

Pet. Whe——present we with something——that——Diamond on your finger! to shew the manner of giving handsomely:

[Sir Sig. *gives it him.*

——Oh fy, Signior——between your Finger and Thumb——thus——with your other Fingers at a distance——with a speech, and a bow.——

Sir *Sig.* *Illustrissimo* Signior, the Manifold Obligations.——

Pet. Now a fine turn of your hand——thus——Oh that sets off the present, and makes it sparkle in the eyes of the receiver.——

[Sir Sig. *turns his hand.*

Sir *Sig.*—Which you have heap't upon me,——

Pet. There flourish again. [*He flourishes.*

Sir *Sig.* Obliges me to beg, your acceptance of this small present, which will receive a double Lustre from your fair hand. [*Gives it him.*

Pet. Now kiss your fingers ends, and retire back with a bow:

Tick.——Most admirably perform'd.

Sir *Sig.* Nay Sir I have docity in me, tho' I say't: come Governor let's see how you can out-do me in the Art of presenting.

Tick. Well Sir, come, your snuff-Box will serve instead of my Ring, will it not?

Pet. By no means Sir, there is such a certain Relation between a Finger and a Ring, that no present becomes either the giving or the receiving hand half so well.

Sir *Sig.* Whe 'twill be restor'd again, 'tis but to practice by.

Pet. Ay Signior, the next thing you are to learn is to receive.

Tick. Most worthy Signior, I have so Exhausted the *Cornucopia* of your favours, [*Flourishes*]——and tasted so plenteously of the fullnesse of your Bounteous Liberallity, that to retalliate with this small Jem—is but to offer a spark, where I have received a beam of superabundant sun-shine.—— [*Gives it.*

Sir *Sig.* Most Rhetorically perform'd, as I hope to breath, Tropes and fugers all over.

Tick. Oh Lord, Sir *Signal.*

Pet. Excellent——Now let's see if you can refuse, as civilly as you gave, which is by an Obstinate denial; stand both together,——

——Illustrious

—Illuſtrious Signiors, upon my honour my little merrit has not intitled me to the Glory of ſo ſplendid an offering; Trophes worthy to be laid only at your Magnanimous feet.

Sir *Sig.* Ah Signior, No No,

Pet. Signior *Tickletext.* [*He offers, they refuſe going backward.*

Tick. Nay *certo* Signior!—

Pet. With what confidence can I receive ſo rich a preſent: Signior *Tickletext*, ah—Signior.—

Sir *Sig.* I vow Signior—I'me aſhamed you ſhou'd offer it.

Tick. In verity, and ſo am I. [*ſtill going back, he follows.*

Pet. Pardio! Baccus, moſt incomparable.—

Tick. But when Signior are we to learn to receive again.—

Pet. Oh Sir that's always a leſſon of it ſelf:—but now Signiors, I'le teach you how to Act a ſtory.

Sir *Sig.* How! how Signior to Act a ſtory?

Pet. Ay Sir, No matter for words or ſenſe, ſo the body perform its part well.

Sir *Sig.* How, tell a ſtory without words, whe this were an excellent deviſe for Mr. *Tickletext*, when he's to hold forth to the Congregation, and has loſt his Sermon-Notes—whe this is wonderfull.—

Pet. Oh Sir, I have taught it men born deaf, and blinde,—look ye ſtand cloſe together, and obſerve—cloſer yet: [*Gets betweem 'em.*

—a certain Eclejaſtio, Plump, and Rich—[*Makes a ſigne of being fat.*

Riding along the Rode,—meets a [*Galloping about the Stage.*

Paver ſtrapiao,—un Pavero ſtrapiao, Paure ſtrapiao:—ſtrapiao—ſtrapiao—ſtrapiao:— [*Puts himſelf into the Poſture of a lean Beggar; his hands right down by his ſides,—and picks both their Pockets.*

Elemoſuna per un Faure ſtrapiao, par a Moure de Dievos—at laſt he begs a Julio—Neinte! [*Makes the fat Biſhop*] —then the Paure ſtrapiao begs a Mezo Julio—[*lean*] Neinte [*fat*] —une bacio—[*lean*]—Niente—[*fat*]—at laſt he begs his Bleſſing—and ſee how willingly the Eccleſiaſtico gave his Benediction;

[*Opening his Arms hits them both in the face.*

—Scuſa ſcuſa mea Patrona's— [*Begs their pardon.*

Sir *Sig.* Yes very willingly, which by the way he had never done had it been worth a farthing.

Tick. Marry I wou'd he had been a little ſparing of that too, at this time,—[*ſneezes*] a ſhame on't, it has ſtur'd this ſame *Cackamerda* again moſt foully.

Pet. Your pardon Signior,—but come Sir *Signall*—let's ſee how you will make this ſilent relation—Come ſtand between us two—

Sir *Sig.* Nay let me alone for a memory—come.

Pet. I think I have reveng'd my Backſword-beating. [*goes off.*

Sir *Sig.* Un paureo ſtrapado—plump and rich—no, no, the Eccleſiaſtico meets un paureo ſtrapado—and begs a *Julio.*

Tick.

Tick. Oh no Sir, the ſtrapado begs the *Julio.*

Sir *Sig.* Ay, Ay, and the Eccleſaſtico crys Niente— [*ſnaps his nail.* un'meze Julio!—Niente—un Bacoi, Niente, your bleſſing then Signior Eccleſaſtico [*ſpreads out his arms to give his bleſſing—and hits* Tick.

Tick. Adds me, you are all a little too liberal of this ſame benediction.

Sir *Sig.* Hah—but where's Signior *Morigoroſo*? what is he gone? ——but now I think on't 'tis a point of good manners to go without taking leave.

Tick. It may be ſo, but I wiſh I had my Ring again, I do not like the giving leſſon without the taking one, whe this is picking a mans pocket *certo.*

Sir *Sig.* Not ſo Governor, for then I had had a conſiderable loſſe: look ye here,——how——[*feeling in his Pocket*] how——[*in another*] how——gone? gone as I live! my money Governor! all the Gold *Barberacho* receiv'd of my Marchant to day——all gone.——

Tick. Hah——and mine——all my ſtock, the money which I thought to have made a preſent to the Gentlewoman, *Barberacho* was to bring me too——[*aſide*]——undone undone——Villains, Cutpurſes—Cheats, oh run after him.

Sir *Sig.* A Pox of all ſilent ſtories: Rogue, Thief——undone.——

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Julio *and his Page.*

Jul. HOw! the Lady whom I followed from St. *Peters* Church a Curtizan?

Pag. A Curtizan my Lord, fair as the Morning, and as young.

Jul. I know ſhe's fair and young, but is ſhe to be had boy?

Pag. My Lord ſhe is——her Footman told me, ſhe was a Zittella.

Jul. How a Zittella!——a Virgin, 'tis impoſſible.

Pag. I cannot ſwear it Sir, but ſo he told me? he ſaid ſhe had a world of Lovers: her Name is *Silvianetta* Sir, and her Lodgings——

Jul. I know't, are on the *Corſo*; a Curtizan! and a Zittella too? a pretty contradiction! but I'le bate her the laſt, ſo I might enjoy her as the firſt, what ere the price be, I'me reſolv'd upon the adventure; and will this minute prepare my ſelf. [*Going off, enters* Mur. *and* Octa. ——hah——does the light deceive me, or is that indeed my Uncle, in earneſt conference with a Cavalier:——'tis he——I'le ſtep aſide till he's paſt, leſt he hinders this Nights diverſion: [*Goes aſide*

Mur. I ſay 'twas raſhly done, to fight him unexamin'd.

Oct.

Oct. I need not ask, my reaſon has inform'd me, and I'me convinc't where ere he has conceald her, that ſhe is fled with *Fillamour*.

Jul. Who is't they ſpeak of?

Mur. Well well, ſure my Anceſtors committed ſome horrid crime, againſt Nature, that ſhe ſent this Peſt of woman-kind into our Family, ——two Neeces for my ſhare,——by Heaven a proportion ſufficient to undo ſix Generations.

Jul. Hah! two Neeces, what of them? [*Aſide.*

Mur. I am like to give a bleſſed account of 'em to their Brother *Julio* my Nephew, at his return, there's a new plague now,——but my comfort is I ſhall be mad and there's an end on't. [*Weeps.*

Jul. My curioſity muſt be ſatisfied,——have patience Noble Sir,——

Mur. Patience is a flatterer Sir,——and an Aſs Sir, and I'le have none on't——hah what art thou?

Jul. Has five or ſix years, made ye loſe the remembrance of your Nephew——*Julio!*

Mur. Julio! wou'd I had met thee going to thy Grave. [*Weeps*

Jul. Why ſo Sir?

Mur. Your ſiſters Sir, your ſiſters are both gone.—— [*Weeps.*

Jul. How gone Sir?

Mur. Run away Sir, flown Sir.

Jul. Heavens! which way?

Mur. Nay, who can tell the ways of fickle women,——in ſhort Sir, your ſiſter *Marcella* was to have been Married, to this Noble Gentleman,——Nay was contracted to him, fairly contracted in my own Chappel, but no ſooner was his back turn'd,——but in a pernicious Moon-light Night ſhe ſhews me a fair pair of heels, with the young Baggage your other ſiſter *Cornelia*, who was juſt come from the Monaſtery where I bred her, to ſee her ſiſter married.

Jul. A curſe upon the Sex, why muſt mans honour
Depend upon their Frailty?
——Come——give me but any light which way they went,
And I will trace 'em with that carefull Vengeance.——

Oct. Spoke like a man, that underſtands his Honour,
And I can gueſs how we may finde the Fugitives.

Jul. Oh Name it quickly Sir!

Oct. There was a young Cavalier——ſome time at *Vitterbo*,
Who I confeſs had charms, Heaven has denied to me
That trifle Beauty, which was made to pleaſe,
Vain fooliſh Woman, which the brave and wiſe,
Want leaſure to deſign:

Jul. And what of him!

Oct. This fine gay thing came in your ſiſters way, and made that conqueſt Nature meant ſuch fools for: and Sir ſhe's fled with him.

Jul. Oh ſhow me the Man, the daring hardy Villain,

Bring me but in the view of my Revenge,——and if I fail to take it,
Brand me with everlasting Infamy.

Oct. That we must leave to Fortune, and our Industry,
——Come Sir, lets walk and think best what to do.——

[*Going down the Scene, Enter* Fill. *and* Gall.

Fill. Is not that *Julio*——Boy run and call him back.

[*Ex. Boy re-enters with* Jul.

Jul. Oh *Fillamour*, I've heard such killing news since last I left thee.

Fill. What prethee?

Jul. I had a sister Friend——dear as my life,
And bred with all the Virtues of her Sex;
No Vestals at the Holy fire employ'd themselves
In innocenter businesse then this Virgin;
Till Love! the Fatall Feaver of her heart,
Betraid her harmlesse hours:
And just upon the point of being Married,
The thief stole in, and Rob'd us of this treasure:
She's left her Husband, Parents, and her Honour,
And's fled with the base ruiner of her Virtue.

Fill. And lives the Villain durst affront ye thus?

Jul. He does!

Gall. Where, in what distant World?

Jul. I know not.

Fill. What is he call'd?

Jul. I know not neither,——some God direct me to the Ravisher!
And if he scape my rage!
May Cowards point me out, for one of their tame herd.

Fill. In all your quarells I must joyn my sword.

Gall. And if you want,---here's another Sir,---that though it be not often drawn in anger, nor cares to be, shall not be idle in good company.

Jul. I thank ye both, and if I have occasion, will borrow their assistance, but I must leave you for a minute, I'le wait on you anon.—

[*They all three walk as down the street talking,*
Enter Laura, *with her Equipage.*

Lau. Beyond my wish, I'me got into his Friendship,
But oh how distant Friendship is from Love!
That's all bestowed on the fair Prostitute!
——Ah *Silvio*, when he took me in his Armes,
Pressing my willing Bosome to his breast,
Kissing my cheek, calling me Lovely youth,
And wondering how such Beauty, and such bravery,
Met in a Man so young! ah then my Boy!
Then in that happy minute,
How neer was I to telling all my soul,
My blushes and my sighs, were all prepar'd

My

My Eyes caſt down my trembling lips juſt parting,—
But ſtill as I was ready to begin,
He crys out *Silvianetta*!
And to prevent mine, tells me all his Love!
—But ſee—he's here.— [Fill. *and* Gall. *coming up the ſcene.*

Gall. Come lay by all ſullen unreſolves! for now the hour of the Berjeare approaches, Night, that was made for Lovers!
—Hah! my dear *Sans Cœur*? my life! my ſoul! my joy!
Thou art of my opinion!

Lau. I'me ſure I am what are it be!

Gall. Whe my Friend here, and I have ſent and paid our Fine for a ſmall Tenement of pleaſure, and I'me for taking preſent poſſeſſion;
—but hold—if you ſhou'd be a Rivall after all!

Lau. Not in your *Silvianetta*! My Love has a Nice appetite,
And muſt be fed with high uncommon delicates,
I have a Miſtreſs Sir, of quality!
Fair! as imagination, paints young Angells!
Wanton and gay as was the firſt *Corina*
That charm'd our beſt of Poets,
Young as the Spring, and cheerfull as the Birds
That wellcome in the day!
Witty as fancy makes the Revelling Gods,
And equally as bounteous when ſhe bleſſes!

Gall. Ah for a fine young whore, with all theſe charms! but that ſame quality allays the joy, there's ſuch a dam'd ado with the Obligation, that half the pleaſures loſt in Ceremony,
—Here! for a thouſand Crowns I raign alone,
Revell all day in Love without controle.
—But come to our buſineſs, I have given order for Muſick, Dark Lanthorns, and Piſtolls. [*This while* Fill. *ſtands ſtudying.*

Fill.—Death if it ſhou'd not be *Marcella* now! [*Pauſing aſide.*

Gall. Prethee no more conſidering,—reſolve and let's about it.

Fill. I wou'd not tempt my heart again! for Love
What ere it may be in anothers breaſt,
In mine, 'twill turn to a Religious fire!
And ſo to burn for her! a common Miſtreſs,
Wou'd be an Infamy below her practice!

Gall. Oh if that be all, doubt not *Harry* but an hours converſation with *Euphemia*, will convert it to as lewd a flame, as a man wou'd wiſh.

Lau. What a coyles here about a Curtizan! what ado to perſwade a man to a bleſſing all *Rome* is languiſhing for in vain:—Come Sir, we muſt deal with him, as Phyſitians do with peeviſh children, force him to take what will cure him!

Fill. And like thoſe dam'd Phyſitians, kill me for want of method, no, I know my own diſtemper beſt, and your applications will make me mad.

Gall. Pox on't, that one cannot love a woman like a man, but one muſt love like an Aſs.

Lau. S'hart, I'le be bound to ly with all the women in *Rome*, with leſs ado then you are brought to one.

Gall. Hear ye that *Henry*, s'death art not aſham'd to be inſtructed by one ſo young!——but ſee——the ſtar there appears,—the ſtar that conduct thee to the ſhore of bliſs——

She comes let's feel thy [Marcella *and* Cornelia *above.*

Heart! ſhe comes!

So breaks the day on the glad Eaſtern Hills!

Or the bright God of Rays from *Thetis* Lap:——

A Rapture now dear lad, and then fall too, for thou art

Old dog at a long Grace.——

Fill. Now I'me meer man again, with all his frailties,—— [*Aſide.*

——Bright lovely creature!——

Gall. Damn it, how like my Ladys Eldeſt Son was that.

Fill. May I hope my ſacrifice! may be accepted by you?—by Heaven it muſt be ſhe! ſtill ſhe appears more like.—— [*Aſide.*

Mar. I've only time to tell you Night approches,

And then I will expect you, [*Enter* Crapine, *gazes on the Ladys.*

Crap. 'Tis ſhe, *Donna Marcella* on my life, with the young wild *Cornelia*!——hah—yonders the Engliſh Cavalier too, nay then by this hand I'le be paid for all my fruitleſs jants: for this good news——ſtay let me mark the Houſe.——

Mar. Now to my diſguiſe! [*Ex.* Marcella.

Gall. And have you no kinde meſſage to ſend to my heart; cannot this good Example, inſtruct you how to make me happy?

Cor. Faith ſtranger I muſt conſider firſt, ſhe's skillfull in the Marchandize of hearts, and has dealt in Love with ſo good ſucceſs hitherto, ſhe may loſe on venture, and never miſs it in her ſtock, but this is my firſt, and ſhou'd it prove to be a bad bargain, I were undone for ever.

Gall. I dare ſecure the goods ſound,——

Cor. And I believe will not ly long upon my hands.

Gall. Faith, that's according as you'l diſpoſe on't Madam,—for let me tell you——gad a good handſome proper fellow, is as ſtaple a commodity as any's in the Nation,——but I wou'd be reſerv'd for your own uſe! faith take a ſample to Night, and as you like it, the whole peece, and that's fair and honeſt dealing I think, or the Devils in't.

Cor. Ah ſtranger,——you have been ſo over-liberal of thoſe ſame ſamples of yours, that I doubt they have ſpoild the ſale of the reſt,—— cou'd you not afford think ye, to throw in a little Love and conſtancy; to inch out that want of honeſty of yours.

Gall. Love! oh in abundance!

By thoſe dear Eyes, by that ſoft ſmiling Mouth;

By ever ſecret grace, thou haſt about thee,

I love thee with a vigorous, eager paſſion,
——Be kinde dear *Silvianetta*—prethee do,
Say you believe and make me bleſt to Night?

Crap. Silvianetta! ſo, that's the Name ſhe has rifl'd for *Cornelia*, *I* perceive.

Cor. If I ſhou'd be ſo kind-hearted! what good uſe wou'd you make of ſo obliging an opportunity?

Gall. That which the happy Night was firſt ordain'd for.

Cor. Well Signior 'tis coming on, and then I'le try what courage the darkneſs will inſpire me with:——till then——farwell.——

Gall. Till then a thouſand times adieu.—— [*Blowing up kiſſes to her.*

Phil. Ah Madam we're undone,——yonders *Crapine* your Uncles Vallet.——

Cor. Now a curſe on him; ſhall we not have one Night with our Cavaliers——let's retire, and continue to out-wit him, or never more pretend to't, Adieu Signior Cavalier——remember Night.——

Gall. Or may I loſe my ſenſe to all Eternity.

[*Kiſſes his fingers and bows, ſhe returns it for a while.*

Lau. Gods, that all this that looks at leaſt like Love,
Shou'd be diſpenc't to one inſenſible!
Whilſt every ſillable of that dear vallue,
Whiſper'd to me, wou'd make my ſoul all Extaſy,
——Oh ſpare that Treaſure for a gratefull purchaſe;
And buy that common ware with trading Gold,
Love! is too rich a price:——I ſhall betray my ſelf.— [*Aſide.*

Gall. Away, that's an hereticial opinion and which this certain Reaſon muſt convince thee of:
That Love is Love, where ever beauty is,
Nor can the Name of whore, make beauty leſs.

Enter Marcella *like a Man, with a Cloak about her.*

Mar. Signior, is your Name *Fillamour*?

Fill. It is, what wou'd you Sir.——

Mar. I have a letter for you——from *Vitterbo*, and your *Marcella* Sir.
[*gives it him.*

Fill. Hah——*Vitterbo*! and *Marcella*!
It ſhocks me like the Ghoſt of ſome forſaken Miſtreſs,
That met me in the way to happineſs,
With ſome new long'd for Beauty! [*Opens it, reads.*

Mar. Now I ſhall try thy Virtue, and my Fate.— [*Aſide.*

Fill What is't that checks the joy, that ſhou'd ſurprize me at the rece[illegible] of this!
[illegible] How now! what's the cold fit coming on? [*Pawſes.*
[illegible] have no power to go—where this——invites me——
[illegible]n I prove, 'tis no encreaſe of flame that warms my heart,
[illegible] new fire juſt kindled from thoſe——eyes——

Whoſe

Whoſe rayes I finde more piercing then *Marcella's.*

Gall. —Ay Gad a thouſand times——prethee what's the matter.

Mar. Oh this falſe——ſouly man——wou'd I had leaſure
To be reveng'd for this inconſtancy! [*Aſide.*

Fill.——But ſtill ſhe want's that Virtue I admire!

Gall. Virtue! s'death thou art always fumbling, upon that dull ſtring that makes no Muſick:——What Letters that? [*reads.*] If the firſt Confeſſion I ever made of Love be gratefull to you, come arm'd to night with a friend or too; and behinde the Garden of the Fountains, you will receive——hah *Marcella*!——Oh damn it, from your honeſt woman!——Well I ſee the devil's never ſo buſy with a man, as when he has reſolv'd upon any goodneſs! s'death what a rubs here in a fair caſt,——how is't man - Alegremente! bear up, defy him and all's his works.

Fill. But I have ſworn, ſworn that I lov'd *Marcella*! and Honour Friend obliges me to go, take her away and marry her,
——And I conjure thee to aſſiſt me too.

Gall. What to night, this Night, that I have given to *Silvianetta*! and you have promis'd to the fair—*Euphemia*!

Lau. If he ſhou'd go, he ruins my deſign, [*Aſide.*
——Nay if your word Sir——be already paſt.——

Fill. 'Tis true, I gave my promiſe to *Euphemia*! but that to women of her trade, is eaſily abſolv'd.

Gall. Men keep not Oaths for the ſakes of the wiſe Magiſtrates, to whom they're made, but their own Honour *Harry*: And is't not much a greater crime to Rob a Gallant, hoſpitable man of his Neece, who has treated you with Confidence, and Friendſhip, then to keep touch with a well meaning whore, my Conſciencious friend!

Lau. Iufinite degrees Sir!

Gall. Beſides, thou'ſt an hour or two good, between this and the time requir'd to meet *Marcella.*

Lau. Which an induſtrious Lover, wou'd manage to the beſt advantage.

Gall. That were not given over to Virtue, and conſtancy——two the beſt excuſes I know for idleneſſe.

Fill.——Yes—I may ſee this woman.

Gall. Whe God a marcy lad!

Flil.——And break my chains,—if poſſible.

Gall. Thou wilt give a good eſſay to that I'le warrant thee,
Before ſhe part with thee! come let's about it.
[*They go out on either ſide of* Fill. *perſwading him.*

Mar. He's gone! the Curtizan has got the day. [*Aſide to* Mar.
Vice has the ſtart of Virtue, every way,
And for one bleſſing honeſt wives obtain,
The happyer Miſtreſs does a thouſand gain!

That

I'le home——and practice, all their Art to prove,
That nothing is so cheaply gain'd as Love! [*Exeunt.*

Gall. Stay what farce is this,—prethee let's see a little. [*offering to go*

[*Enter Sir* Signal, *Mr.* Tickletext, *with his Cloke ty'd about him, a great Ink-horn ty'd at his Girdle, and a great Folio under his Arm,* Petro *dresst like an Antiquary.*

——How Now Mr. *Tickletext*, what dresst as if you were going a Pill-grimage to *Jerusalem.*

Tick. I make no such prophane Journeys, Sir.

Gall. But where have you been Mr. *Tickletext.*

Sir *Sig.* Whe Sir, this most Reverend and Renowned Antiquary, has been showing us Monimental Rarities and Antiquities.

Gall. 'Tis *Petro* that——Rogue!

Fill.——But what Folio have you gotten there Sir, *Knox*, or *Cartwright?*

Pet. Nay if he be got into that heap of Nonsense, I'le steal off and undress. [*Aside.* [*Ex.* Petro. [Tick. *Opening the Book.*

Tick. A small Vollum Sir, into which I transcribe the most memorable and remarkable transactions of the day.

Lan. That doubtless must be worth seeing.

Fill. [*Reads*] April the Twentieth, arose a very great storm of Wind, Thunder, Lightning, and Rain,——which was a shrew'd sign of foul weather.

Fill. The 22th. 9 of our 12 chikens getting loose, flew over-bord, the other three miraculous escaping, by being eaten by me, that Morning for breakfast.

Sir *Sig.* Harkey *Galliard*——thou art my Friend, and 'tis not like a man of Honour, to conceal any thing from on's Friend,——know then I am the most fortunate Rascall, that ever broke bread,——I am this Night to visit sirra—the finest, the most delicious young Harlot, Mum——under the Rose——in all *Rome*! of *Barberacho's* acquaintance.

Gall.——Hah——my woman on my life! and will she be kind!

Sir *Sig.* Kind, hang kindnesse man, I'me resolv'd upon conquest by parly or by force.

Gall. Spoke like a Roman of the first Race, when Noble Rapes not whining Courtship, did the Lovers business.

Sir *Sig.* Sha Rapes man! I mean by force of mony, pure dint of Gold faith and troth: for I have given 500 Crowns enterance already, *& Par Dios Baccus* 'tis *tropo Caro*——*tropo Caro* Mr. *Galliard.*

Gall. And what's this high priz'd Ladys Name Sir?

Sir *Sig. La Silvianetta*,——and Lodges on the *Corso*, not far from St. *James's* of the incurables—very well scituated in case disaster—hah.—

Gall.

Gall. Very well,——and did not your wiſe worſhip know, this *Silvianetta* was my Miſtreſs?

Sir *Sig.* How! his Miſtreſs! what a damn'd noddy was I to name her!

Gall. De ye hear fool! renounce me this woman inſtantly, or I'le firſt diſcover it to your Governor, and then cut your throat Sir.

Sir *Sig.* Oh *Doux Ment*——dear *Galliard*——Renounce her,——*Corpo demi* that I will ſoul and body, if ſhe belong to thee man.——

Gall. No more——look to't,——look you forget her Name—or but to think of her——farewell—— [*Nods at him.*

Sir *Sig.* Fare well quoth ye——'tis well I had the Art of diſſembling after all, here had been a ſweet Broyl upon the Coaſt elſe.——

Fill. Very well, I'le trouble my ſelf to reade no more, ſince I know you'l be ſo kinde to the world to make it publique?

Tick. At my return Sir, for the good of the Nation, I will Print it, and I think it will deſerve it.

Lau. This is a precious Rogue, to make a Tutor of.

Fill. Yet theſe Mooncalfs, dare pretend to the breeding of our youth, and the time will come, I fear, when none ſhall be reputed to travel like a man of quality, who has not the advantage of being impos'd upon, by one of theſe Pedantique Novices, who inſtructs the young heir, in what himſelf is moſt profoundly ignorant of.

Gall. Come, 'tis dark and time for our deſign,——your ſervant Signiors. [*Exeunt* Fill. Gall. *and* Lau.

Lau. I'le home, and watch the kind deceiving minute, that may conduct him by miſtake to me.

Enter Petro, *like* Barberacho, *juſt as* Tick. *and Sir* Sig. *are going out.*

Sir *Sig.* Oh *Barberacho*! we are undone! Oh the Diavillo take that Maſter you ſent me.

Pet. Maſter, what Maſter?

Sir *Sig.* Whe Signior Morigoroſo!

Pet. Mor——oſo——what ſhou'd he be?

Sir *Sig.* A Civillity-Maſter he ſhou'd have been, to have taught us good manners,----but the Cornuto cheated us moſt damnably, and by a willing miſtake taught us nothing in the world but wit.

Pet. Oh abominable knavery! whe what a kinde of man was he?---

Sir *Sig.* ----whe---much ſuch another as your ſelf:——

Tick. Higher, Signior, higher!

Sir *Sig.* Aye ſomewhat higher——but juſt of his pitch.

Pet. Well Sir, and what of this man?

Sir *Sig.* Only pick't our pockets, that's all.

Tick. Yes, and cozen'd us of our Rings.

Sir *Sig.* Ay, and gave us Cackamarda Orangata for ſnuff.

Tick. And his bleſſing to boot when he had done.

Sir *Sig.* A veng'ance on't, I feel it ſtill.

Pet.

Pet. Whe this 'tis to do things of your own heads, for I ſent no ſuch Signior Moroſo---but I'le ſee what I can do to retrive 'm——I am now a little in haſte, farwell.—— [*Offers to go.* Tick. *goes out by him and jogs him.*

Tick. Remember to meet me--farewell *Barberacho.*

[*Goes out,* Sir Sig. *pulls him.*

Sir *Sig.* Barberacho——is the Lady ready?

Tick. Is your money ready?

Sir *Sig.* Whe now, tho I am threatned, and kill'd, and beaten, and kickt about, this intrigue I muſt advance! [*aſide*]——but doſt think there's no danger?

Pet. What in a delicate young amorous Lady, Signior?

Sir *Sig.* No, No, mum, I don't much fear the Lady, but this ſame mad fellow *Galliard*, *I* hear, has a kinde of a hankering after her—— Now dare not *I* tell him what a diſcovery *I* have made. [*Aſide.*

Pet. Let me alone to ſecure you, meet me in the *Piatzo Deſpagnia*, as ſoon as you can get your ſelf in order; where the two fools ſhall meet, and prevent eithers coming. [*Aſide.*

Sir *Sig.* Enough,——here's a Bill for 500 Crowns more upon my Merchant, you know him by a good token, I loſt the laſt ſum you receiv'd for me, a pox of that handſell, away here's company.

Ex. Pet. *Enter* Octavio.

Now will I diſguiſe my ſelf, according to the mode of the Roman Inamorato's; and deliver my ſelf upon the place appointed. [*Ex.* Sir *Sig.*

Oct. On the *Corſo* didſt thou ſee 'em?

Crap. On the *Corſo* my Lord, in diſcourſe with three Cavaliers, one of which has given me many a Piſtol, to let him into the Garden a Nights at *Vitterbo*: to talk with *Dona Marcella*, from her Chamber window, I think I ſhou'd remember him.

Oct. Oh that thought fires me, with anger fit for my Revenge, [*Aſide.* And they're to Serinade 'em thou ſay'ſt.

Crap. I did my Lord! and if you can have patience till they come, you will finde your Rival in this very place, if he keep his word.

Oct. I do believe thee, and have prepared my Bravos to attack him: if I can Act but my Revenge to Night, how ſhall I worſhip Fortune! keep out of ſight, and when I give the word be ready all. I hear ſome coming let's walk off a little.——

[*Enter* Marcella *in mans clothes, and* Philipa *as a woman, with a Lanthorn* Oct. *and* Crap. *go off the other way.*

Mar. Thou canſt never convince me, but if *Crapine* ſaw us, and gaz'd ſo long upon us, he muſt know us too, and then what hinders but by a dilligent watch about the Houſe, they will ſurprize us, ere we have ſecured our ſelves from 'em.

Phil. And how will this, expoſing your ſelf to danger prevent 'em.

Mar. My deſigne now is, to prevent *Fillamours* coming into danger, by hindring his approach to this houſe: I wou'd preſerve the kinde ingrate with any hazard of my own: and 'tis better to dye then fall into the hands of *Octavio.* I'me deſperate with that thought, ——and fear no danger! however be you ready at the door, and when I ring admit me.——ha——who comes here.——

[*Enter* Tickletext *with a Periwig and Cravat of Sir* Signals: *A Sword by his ſide, and a dark Lanthorn, ſhe opens hers, looks on him and goes out.*

Tick. A man! now am I though an old ſinner, as timerous as a young thief, 'tis a great inconvenience in theſe Popiſh Countrys, that a man cannot have liberty to ſteal to a wench without danger; not that I need fear who ſees me except *Galliard*, who ſuſpecting my buſineſs, will go neer to think I am wickedly inclin'd, Sir *Signal* I have left hard at his ſtudy, and Sir *Henry* is no Nocturnal Inamorato, unleſs like me he diſſemble it,——well *Certo* 'tis a wonderfull pleaſure to deceive the World: And as a learned man well obſerv'd, that *the ſin of wenching lay in the habit only*: I having laid that aſide, *Timothy Tickletext* principal holder forth of the *Covent Garden* Conventicle, Chaplain of *Buffoon-Hall* in the County of *Kent*, is free to recreate himſelf.

[*Enter* Gall. *with a dark Lanthorn.*

Gall. Where the devil is this *Fillamour*? And the Muſick: which way cou'd he go to loſe me thus! [*Looks towards the door.* ——he is not yet come.——

Tick. Not yet come,——that muſt be *Barberacho*!——where are ye honeſt *Barberacho* where are ye? [*Groping towards* Gall.

Gall. Hah! *Barberacho*? that name I am ſure is us'd by none but Sir *Signal* and his Coxcomb Tutor, it muſt be one of thoſe——where are ye Signior, where are ye? [*Goes towards him, and opens the Lanthorn——and ſhuts it ſtraight.*

——Oh 'tis the Knight,——are you there Signior?

Tick. Oh art thou come, honeſt Raſcal——conduct me quickly, conduct me to the Beautifull and fair *Silvianetta*! [*Gives him his hand.*

Gall. Yes, when your dogſhips damn'd, *Silvianetta*! S'death is ſhe a whore for fools! [*Draws.*

Tick. Hah Mr. *Galliard*, as the devil wou'd have it:——I'me undone if he ſees me! [*He retires haſtily*, Gall. *gropes for him.*

Gall. Where are you Fop: *Buffoon*! Knight!

[Tickletext *retiring haſtily runs againſt* Octavio, *who is juſt entering, almoſt beats him down,* Oct. *ſtrikes him a good blow, beats him back and draws:* Tick. *gets cloſe up in a corner of the ſtage,* Oct. *gropes for him as* Gall. *does, and both meet and fight with each other.*

——What dare you draw,——you have the impudence to be valliant

then in the dark, [*they paſs*] I wou'd not kill the Rogue,——death you can fight then, when there's a woman in the caſe!

Oct. I hope 'tis *Fillamour*! [*aſide*] you'le finde I can, and poſſibly may ſpoil your making love to Night!

Gall. Egad ſweet heart and that may be, one civil thruſt will do't:——And 'twere a damn'd rude thing to diſappoint ſo fine a woman,——therefore I'le withdraw whilſt I'me well. [*He ſlips out.*

[*Enter Sir* Signal, *with a Maſquerading Coat over his clothes, without a Wigg or Cravat, with a dark Lanthorn.*

Sir *Sig.* Well I have moſt neatly eſcapt my Tutor; and in this diſguiſe defy the devil to claim his own,——ah *Caſpeto de Deavilo*!——What's that? [*Advancing ſoftly, and groping with his hands, meets the point of* Oct. *ſword, as he is groping for* Gall.

Oct. Traytor dareſt thou not ſtand my ſword!

Sir *Sig.* Hah! ſwords! no Signior—*ſcuſa mea* Signior,——

[*Hops to the door: And feeling for his way with his out-ſtrecht Arms, runs his Lanthorn in* Julio's *face who is juſt entering; finds he's oppos'd with a good puſh backward, and ſlips aſide into a corner over againſt* Tickletext: Julio *meets* Octavio *and fights him,* Oct. *falls,* Julio *opens his Lanthorn and ſees his miſtake.*

Jul. Is it you Sir?

Oct. Julio! from what miſtake grew all this violence?

Jul. That I ſhou'd ask of you, who meet you arm'd againſt me.

Oct. I find the Night has equally deceiv'd us; and you are fitly come! to ſhare with me the hopes of dear Revenge!

[*Gropes for his Lanthorn which is dropt.*

Jul. I'de rather have purſu'd my kinder paſſion!
Love! and deſire! that brought me forth to Night!

Oct. I've learnt where my falſe Rival is to be this Evening,
And if you'l joyn your ſword, you'l finde it well imploy'd.

Jul. Lead on, *I*'me as impatient of Revenge as you.——

Oct. Come this way then, you'l find more aids to ſerve us. [*Go out.*

Tick.——So! thanks be prais'd all's ſtill again, this fright were enough to mortify any Lover of leſs magnanimity then my ſelf,——well of all ſins, this itch of whoring is the moſt hardy,——the moſt impudent in repulſes; the moſt vigilant in watching, moſt patient in waiting, moſt frequent in dangers: in all diſaſters but diſappointment, a Philoſopher! yet if *Barberacho* come not quickly, my Philoſophy will be put to't *certo.* [*This while Sir* Signal *is venturing from his poſt, liſtening and ſlowly advancing towards the middle of the ſtage.*

Sir *Sig.* The coaſt is once more clear, and *I* may venture my carcaſs forth again,——though ſuch a ſalutation as the laſt, wou'd make me very unfit for the matter in hand,——the battoon I cou'd bear with the

Fortitude and courage of *Hero*: But theſe dangerous ſharps *I* never lov'd; what different rancounters have *I* met withall to Night, *Corpo de me*; a man may more ſafely paſs the gulf of lyons, then convoy himſelf into a Bawdy houſe in *Rome*, but *I* hope all's paſt, and *I* will ſay with *Alexander*:—*Vivat Eſperance en deſpetto del Fatto.* [*advances a little.*

Tick. Sure I heard a Noiſe,—No 'twas only my ſurmiſe!

[*They both advance ſoftly, meeting juſt in the middle of the Stage, and coming cloſe up to each other! both cautiouſly ſtart back: And ſtand a tipto in the poſture of fear, then gently feeling for each other, (after liſtening and hearing no noiſe) draw back their hands at touching each others; and ſhrinking up their ſhoulders, make grimaſes of more fear!*

Tick. Que Equeſto.

Sir *Sig.* Hah a mans voice!—I'le try if I can fright him hence! [*Aſide.*

Una Malladette Spirito Incarnate! [*In a horrible tone.*

Tick. Hah, *Spiritto Incarnate*! that devils voice I ſhou'd know! [*aſide.*

Sir *Sig.* See Signior! *Una ſpirito*! which is to ſay, *un ſpiritalo, Imortallo Incorporalla, Inanimate, Imaterialle, Philoſophicale, Inviſible—Un intelligible—Diavillo*! [*In the ſame tone.*

Tick. Ay ay, 'tis my hopefull pupill! upon the ſame deſign with me, my life on't,—Cunning young whoremaſter!—I'le cool your courage—good Signior *Diavillo*! if you be the *Diavillo* I have *una certaina Imaterialle Inviſible Conjuratione*, that will ſo neatly lay your *Inanimate unintelligible Diavilloſhip.*— [*Pulls out his wooden ſword.*

Sir *Sig.* How! he muſt needs be valliant indeed that dares fight with the devil.. [*Endeavours to get away,* Tick. *beats him about the ſtage.*

—Ah Signior Signior *Mia*! ah—*Caſpeto de Baccus,*—*he cornuto*, I am a damn'd ſilly devil that have no dexterity in vaniſhing.

[*Gropes and finds the door—going out, meets juſt entring* Fillamour Galliard *with all the Muſick,—he retires and ſtands cloſe.*

—Hah,—what have we here new miſchief.—

[Tick. *and he ſtands againſt each other, on either ſide of the ſtage.*

Fill. Prethee how came we to loſe ye?

Gall. I thought I had follow'd ye,—but 'tis well we are met again, come tune your pipes,— [*They play a little, Enter* Marcella *as before.*

Mar. This muſt be he. [*Goes up to 'em.*

Gall. Come come, your Song boy your Song.

[*Whilſt 'tis ſinging Enter* Octavio, Julio, Crapine, *and* Bravo's!

The SONG.

Crudo Amore, Crudo Amore, } bis.
Il mio Core non fa per te }
Suffrir non vo tormenti
Senza mai ſperar mar ce
Belta che ſia Tiranna,
Bolta che ſia Tiranna
Dell meo offetto recetto non e
Il tuo rigor ſingunna.
Se le pene
Le catene
Tenta auolgere al mio pie
See ſee Crudel Amore } bis.
Il mio Core non fa per te. }

Luſinghiero, Luſinghiero, } bis.
Pui non Credo alta tua fe }
L'incendio del tuo foce
Nel mio Core pui viuo none
Belta che li die Luoce
Belta che li die Luoce
Ma il rigor L'Ardore s'bande
Io non ſato tuo gioce.
Ch'il Veleno
Del mio ſeno
Vergoroſo faggito ſe n'e.
See ſee Crudel Amore } bis.
Il mio Core non fa per te. }

Oct. 'Tis they we look for, draw and be ready.— ——

Tick. Hah draw—then there's no ſafty here *certo.* [*Aſide.*

[Octavio Julio *and their party draw, and fight with* Fill. *and* Gall. Marcella *ingages on their ſide, all fight, the Muſick confuſedly amongſt 'em;* Gall. *loſes his ſword, and in the hurry gets a Baſe Viol, and happens to ſtrike* Tickletext, *who is getting away— his head breaks its way quite through, and it hangs about his neck, they fight out.*

Enter Petro *with a Lanthorn. Sir* Signal *ſtands cloſe ſtill.*

Tick. Oh undone, undone, where am I, where am I.

Pet. Hah——that's the voice of my Amorous Ananias,——or I am miſtaken——what the devil's the matter. [*Opens his Lanthorn.*
——Where are ye Sir,——hah cuts ſo——what new found pillory have we here?

Tick.

Tick. Oh honeſt *Barberacho* undo me, undo me quickly.

Pet. So I deſign Sir, as faſt as I can——or loſe my aim——there Sir there: all's well——I have ſet you free, come follow me the back way, into the houſe. [*Ex.* Petro *and* Tickletext.

Enter Fillamour *and* Marcella, *with their ſwords drawn* Gall. *after 'em.*

Gall. A plague upon 'em, what a quarters here for a wench, as if there were no more i'th Nation,——wou'd I'de my ſword again.

[*Gropes for it.*

Mar. Which way ſhall I direct him to be ſafer,——how is it Sir, I hope you are not hurt.

Fill. Not that I feel, what art thou asks't ſo kindly.

Mar. A ſervant to the Roman Curtizan, who ſent me forth to wait your coming Sir, but finding you in danger ſhar'd it with you,——come let me lead you into ſafety Sir.——

Fill. Thou'ſt been too kinde to give me cauſe to doubt thee.

Mar. Follow me Sir, this key will give us entrance through the Garden. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Octavio *with his ſword in his hand.*

Oct. ! Oh what damn'd luck had I ſo poorly to be vanquiſh't when all is huſht, I know he will return,——therefore I'le fix me here, till I become a furious ſtatue——but I'le reach his heart.

Sir *Sig.* Oh *lamentivolo fato*——What bloody Villains theſe Popiſh *Italians* are.

Enter Julio.

Oct. Hah——*I* hear one coming this way——

——hah—the door opens too,—and he makes towards it—pray Heaven he be the right: for this *I'me* ſure's the Houſe?

——Now luck an't be thy will,——[*Follows* Julio *towards the door ſoftly.*

Jul. The Rogues are fled but how ſecure *I* know not,——
And *I'*le purſue my firſt deſign of Love,
And if this *Silvianetta* will be kind.—

[*Enter* Laura *from the houſe in a Night gown.*

Lau. Whi'ſt—who is't Names *Silvianetta*?

Jul. A Lover and her ſlave.—— [*She takes him by the hand.*

Lau. Oh is it you,——are you eſcapt unhurt?
Come to my boſome—and be ſafe for ever.—

Jul. 'Tis Love that calls, and now Revenge muſt ſtay,—this hour is thine fond Boy, the next that is my own *I'*le give to anger.——

Oct. Oh ye pernicious pair,——I'le quickly change the Scene of Love into a ruffer and more unexpected entertainment.

[*She*

[*She leads* Julio *in,*——Oct. *follows close, they shut the door upon 'em.*
Sir Sig. *thrusts out his head to hearken, hears no body and advances.*

Sir *Sig.* Sure the devil raigns to Night, wou'd I were shelter'd and let him raign fire and Brimstone, for pass the streets *I* dare not——this shou'd be the house——or here abouts I'me sure 'tis,——hah——what's this——a string——of a Bell I hope——I'le try to enter ; and if I am mistaken 'tis but crying conlicentia! [*Rings Enter* Philipa.

Phil. Whose there?

Sir *Sig.* 'Tis I, 'tis I, let me in quickly.——

Phil. Who——the English Cavalier.

Sir *Sig.* The same——I am right——I see I was expected.

Phil. I'me glad you're come,——give me your hand.——

Sir *Sig.* I am fortunate at last,——and therefore will say with the Famous Poet.

——No happiness like that achiv'd with danger,
Which once o'recome—I'le ly at Rack and Manger. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Fillamour *and* Galliard, *as in* Silvianetta's *apartment.*

Fill.—HOw splendidly these Common women live,
How rich is all we meet with in this Palace,
And rather seems th' Apartment of some Prince,
Then a Receptickle for lust and shame.

Gall. You see *Harry*, all the keeping fools are not in our dominions but this grave this wise people, are Mistress riden too.

Fill. I fear we have mistook the house, and the youth that brought us in may have deceived us, on some other design, however whilst I've this—I cannot fear.— [*Draws.*

Gall. A good caution, and I'le stand upon my guard with this, but see—here's one will put us out of doubt. [*Pulls a pistol out of his pocket.*

Fill. Hah! the fair Inchantress ! [*Enter* Mar. *richly and loosly dress.*

Mar. What on your guard my lovely Cavalier ! lyes there a danger
In this Face and Eyes, that needs that rough resistance?
—Hide hide that mark of anger from my sight,
And if thou woud'st be absolute conqueror here,
Put on soft looks with Eyes all languishing,
Words tender, gentle sighs, and kind desires.

Gall. Death ! with what unconcern he hears all this? art thou possest—pox why dost not answer her?

Mar.

Mar. I hope he will not yield,— [*Aside.*
—He ſtands unmov'd,—
Surely I was miſtaken in this face,
And I believe in charms that have no power.
Gall. S'death thou deſerveſt not ſuch a Noble creature,—
I'le have 'em both my ſelf.— [*Aside.*
Fill.—Yes! thou haſt wonderous power,
And I have felt it long. [*Pawſingly.*
Mar. How!
Gall.—I've often ſeen that face—but 'twas in dreams:
And ſleeping lov'd Extreamly!
And waking—ſigh't to find it but a dream,
The lovely Phantom vaniſh't with my ſlumbers,
But left a ſtrong *Idea* on my heart;
Of what I finde in perfect Beauty here,
—But with this difference, ſhe was Virtuous too!
Mar. What ſilly ſhe was that!
Fill. She whom I dream't I Lov'd.
Mar. You only dream't that ſhe was Virtuous too!
Virtue it ſelf's a dream of ſo ſlight force,
The very fluttering of Loves wings deſtroys it,
Ambition, or the meaner hope of intereſt, wakes it to nothing,
In men a feeble Beauty, ſhakes the dull ſlumber off,—
Gall. Egad ſhe argues like an Angell *Harry*!
Fill.—What haſt thou'ſt made, to damn thy ſelf ſo young!
Haſt thou been long thus wicked? haſt thou ſin'd paſt Repentance,
Heaven may do much, to ſave ſo fair a Criminal,
Turn yet and be forgiven!
Gall. What a pox doſt thou mean by all this canting?
Mar. A very pretty Sermon, and from a prieſt ſo gay,
It cannot chuſe but edify.
Do Holy men of your Religion Signior, wear all this Habit,
Are they thus young, and lovely? ſure if they are,
Your Congregation's all compos'd of Ladys,
The Layety muſt come abroad for Miſtreſſes.
Fill. Oh that this charming woman were but honeſt!
Gall. 'Twere better thou wer't damn'd; honeſt!
Pox thou doſt come out with things ſo malapropo——
Mar. Come leave this Mask of fooliſh modeſty,
And let us haſt where Love and Muſick call's;
Muſick! that heightens Love! and makes the ſoul,
Ready for ſoft impreſſions!
Gall. So, ſhe will do his buſineſs with a Vengeance!
Fill. Plague of this tempting woman ſhe will ruin me!
I finde weak Virtue melt from round my heart,

To give her Tyrant Image a Poſſeſſion:
So the warm Sun, thaws Rivers Icy tops,
Till in the ſtream he ſees his own bright face!

Gall. Now he comes on apace,——how is't my friend,
Thou ſtand ſt as thou'dſt forgot thy buſineſs here!
—The woman *Harry!* the fair Curtizan!
Canſt thou withſtand her charms? I've buſineſs of my own,
Prethee fall too——and talk of Love to her.

Fill. Oh I cou'd talk Eternity away,
In nothing elſe but Love!——cou'dſt thou be honeſt?

Mar. Honeſt! was it for that you ſent two thouſand Crowns.
Or did believe that trifling ſum ſufficient,
To buy me to the ſlavery of honeſty.

Gall. Hold there my brave Virago.

Fill. No, I wou'd ſacrifice a Nobler Fortune,
To buy thy Virtue home!

Mar. What ſhou'd it idling there!

Fill. Whe——make thee conſtant to ſome happy man,
That wou'd adore thee for't.

Mar. Unconſcionable! conſtant at my years?
——Oh t'were to cheat a thouſand!
Who between this and my dull Age of Conſtancy,
Expect the diſtribution of my Beauty.

Gall. 'Tis a brave wench,—— [*Aſide.*

Fill. Yet charming as thou art, the time will come
When all that Beauty like declining flowers,
Will wither on the ſtalk,——but with this difference,
The next kinde Spring, brings youth to flowers again,
But faded Beauty never more can bloom,
—If intreſt make thee wicked, I can ſupply thy pride.——

Mar. Curſe on your neceſſary traſh!—which I deſpiſe, but as 'tis uſefull to advance our Love!

Fill. Is Love thy buſineſs, who is there born ſo high,
But Love and Beauty equals,
And thou maiſt chuſe from all the wiſhing world?
This wealth together wou'd inrich one man,
Which dealt to all wou'd ſcarce be Charity.

Mar. Together! 'tis a Mas wou'd Ranſome King's!
Was all this Beauty given, for one poor petty Conqueſt;
—I might have made a hundred hearts my ſlaves,
In this loſt time of bringing one to Reaſon.——
Farewell thou dull Philoſopher in Love;
When Age has made me wiſe,——I'le ſend for you again.

[*Offers to go* Gall. *holds her.*

Gall. By this good light a Noble glorious Whore!

Fill. Oh ſtay,——I muſt not let ſuch Beauty fall,
——A whore——conſider yet, the charms of Reputation:
The eaſe, the quiet and content of innocence,
The awfull Reverence, all good men will pay thee,
Who as thou art will gaze without reſpect,
——And cry——what pitty 'tis ſhe is——a whore——

Mar. O you may give it what courſe Name you pleaſe;
But all this youth and Beauty ne're was given,
Like Gold to Miſers, to be kept from uſe. [*Going out.*

Fill. Loſt loſt,—paſt all Redemption.

Gall. Nay, Gad thou ſhalt not loſe her ſo,——I'le fetch her back,
And thou ſhalt ask her pardon. [*Runs out after her.*

Fill. By Heaven 'twas all a dream! an Aiery dream!
The Viſionary pleaſure diſappears,——and I'me my ſelf again,
——I'le fly, before the drowſy fit ore'take me.
[*Going out, Eeter* Gall. *and then* Marcella.

Gall. Turn back—ſhe yields, ſhe yields to pardon thee,——gon——
Nay hang me if ye part. [*Runs after him, ſtill his Piſtol in his hand.*

Mar. Gon——I have no leaſure now for more diſſembling.
[*Takes the Candle and goes in.*

Enter Petro, *leading in Mr.* Tickletext, *as by dark.*

Pet. Remain here Signior whilſt I ſtep and fetch a light.

Tick. Do ſo, do ſo honeſt *Barberacho*!——well my eſcape even now from Sir *Signal* was Miraculous! thanks to my prudence and proweſs, had he diſcover'd me, my dominion had ended; and my Authority been of non effect *certo.* [Philipa *at the door puts in Sir* Signal.

Phil. Now Signior yo're out of danger, I'le fetch a Candle, and let my Lady know of your being here! [*Ex.* Phil.
[*Sir* Sig. *advances a little.*

Enter Petro *with a light, goes between 'em and ſtarts.*

Tick. Sir *Signal*!—

Sir *Sig.* My Governor!

Pet. The two fools met! a pox of all ill luck: now ſhall I loſe my credit with both my wiſe Patrons, my Knight I cou'd have put off, with a ſmall Harlot of my own, but my Levite having ſeen my Lady *Cornelia* that is *La Silvianetta*,——None but that *Suſanna* wou'd ſatisfy his Elderſhip: but now they have both ſav'd me the labour of a farther invention to diſpatch 'em.

Sir *Sig.* I perceive my Governor's as much confounded as my ſelf;
——I'le take advantage by the forelock, be very impudent and put it upon him faith,——Ah Governor, will you never leave your whoring! never be ſtayd, ſober and diſcreet as I am.

Tick.

Tick. So ſo, undone undone, juſt my Documents to him.——

[*Walks about, Sir* Sig. *follows.*

Sir *Sig.* And muſt I neglect my pretious ſtudys, to follow you, in pure zeal and tender care of your perſon! will you never conſider where you are? in a lewd Papiſh Country! amongſt the Romiſh Heathens,——and for you a Governor, a Tutor, a director of unbridled youth, a Gown-man, a Polititian, for you I ſay to be taken at this unrighteous time of the Night, in a flaunting Cavaliero dreſs, an unlawful weapon by your ſide, going the high way to Satan to a Curtizan! and to a Romiſh Curtizan! Oh abomination, Oh *ſcandalum infiniti.*

Tick. Paid in my own Coyn!

Pet. So, I'le leave the devil to rebuke ſin, and to my young Lady, for a little of her aſſiſtance, in the management of this affair.

[*Exit.* Pet. Tick.

Tick.——I do confeſs,——I grant ye I am in the houſe of a Curtizan, and that I came to viſit a Curtizan, and do intend to viſit each Night a ſeveral Curtizan:—till I have finiſht my work.——

Sir *Sig.* Every Night one! Oh glutton!

Tick.——My great work of Converſion,—upon the whole Nation, Generation, and Vocation, of this wicked provoking ſort of womankinde; call'd Curtizans:—I will turn 'em—yes I will turn 'em,——for 'tis a ſhame that Man——ſhou'd bow down to thoſe that worſhip Idols!——and now I think Sir, I have ſufficiently explain'd the buſineſs in hand,——as honeſt *Barberacho* is my witneſs!——And for you——to——ſcandalize——me——with ſo naughty an interpretation——afflicteth me wonderfully.—— [*Pulls out his hankerchief and weeps.*

Sir *Sig.*——Alas poor Mr. *Tickletext*, now as I hope to be ſav'd it grieves my heart to ſee him weep,——faith and troth now, I thought thou had'ſt ſome Carnal aſſignation,——but nere ſtir I beg thy pardon and think thee as innocent as my ſelf, that I do——but ſee the Ladys, here——s'life dry your Eyes man! [*Enter* Cornelia Phil. *and* Pet.

Cor. I cou'd beat thee for being thus miſtaken,——and am reſolv'd to flatter him into ſome miſchief, to be Reveng'd on 'em for this diſappointment, go you and watch for my Cavalier the while.

Tick. Is ſhe come——Nay then turn me looſe to her.——

Cor. My Cavalier! [*Addreſſing to Sir* Sig. Tick. *pulls him by and ſpeaks.*

Tick.——Lady.——

Sir *Sig.* You Sir, whe who the devil made you a Cavalier,——moſt *Potentiſimo Signiora*, I am the man of Title, by Name Sir *Signal Buffoon*, ſole Son and heir to Eight Thouſand pound a year.——

Tick. Oh Sir, are you the man ſhe looks for?

Sir *Sig.* I Sir, No Sir, I'de have ye to know Sir, I ſcorn any woman be ſhe never ſo fair, unleſs her deſigne be honeſt and Honourable!

Cor. The man of all the World I've choſen out, from all the wits and Beauties I have ſeen;—to have moſt finely beaten!

Sir *Sig.* How! in Love with me already,——ſhe's damnable handſome too, now wou'd my Tutor were hang'd a little for an hour or two, out of the way. [*Aſide.*

Cor. Why fly you not into my Arms, [*ſhe approching, he ſhuning.*
Theſe Arms that were deſign'd for ſoft embraces?

Sir *Sig.* Ay, and if my Tutor were not here, the devil take him that wou'd hinder 'em,—and I think that's civil egad!

Tick. Whe how now *Barberacho*, what am I cuzend then, and is Sir *Signal* the Man in favour! [*Aſide to* Petro.

Pet. Lord Signior, that ſo wiſe a man as you cannot perceive her meaning; for the devil take me if I can,——[*Aſide.*]——Whe this is done to take off all ſuſpition from you——and lay it on him;——don't you conceive it Signior!

Tick. Yes honeſt Rogue,—Oh the witty wagtail,——*I* have a part to play too, that ſhall confirm it——young Gentlewoman.——

Cor. Ah bell ingrate, is't thus you recompence my ſuffering Love? to fly this beauty ſo ador'd by all, that ſlight the ready conqueſt of the world to truſt a heart with you,——ah—Traditor Cruella.

Sir *Sig.* Poor heart, it goes to the very ſoul of me to be ſo coy and ſcornfull to her that it does, but a pox on't her over-fondneſs will diſcover all.

Tick. Fly, fly, young man! whilſt yet thou haſt a ſpark of virtue ſhining in thee, fly the temptations of this young hypocrite; the love that ſhe pretends with ſo much zeal and ardour, is indecent, unwarrantable, and unlawful! firſt indecent as ſhe is woman——for thou art woman——and beautiful woman——yes, very beautifull woman! on whom nature hath ſhew'd her heighth of excellence in the out-work, but left the in unfiniſht, imperfect and impure.

Cor. Heavens, what have we here!

Sir *Sig.* A pox of my Sir *Dominie*, Now is he beſide his Text, and will ſpoil all.

Tick. Secondly, Unwarrantable; by what authority doſt thou ſeduce with the allurements of thine eyes, and the conjurements of thy tongue, the waftings of thy hands, and the tinklings of thy feet, the young men in the Villages?

Cor. Sirrah! how got this madman in? ſeize him, and take him hence.

Sir *Sig.* *Corpo de mi* my Governour tickles her notably i'faith——but had he let the care of my ſoul alone to night, and have let me taken care of my body, 'twould have been more material at this time.

Tick. Thirdly, Unlawful——

Cor. Quite diſtracted! in pity take him hence, and leade him into darkneſſe, 'twill ſute his madneſs beſt.

Tick.

Tick. How, diſtracted! take him hence!

Pet. This was lucky——I knew ſhe wou'd come again——take him hence——yes, into her bed-chamber——pretty device to get you to her ſelf Signior.

Tick. Why but is it——nay, then I will facillitate my departure——therefore I ſay——oh moſt beautifull and tempting woman——

[*Beginning to preach again.*

Cor. Away with him, give him clean ſtraw and darkneſſe,
And chain him faſt for fear of further miſchief.

Pet. She means for fear of loſing ye.

Tick. Ah baggage! as faſt as ſhe will in thoſe pretty arms,

[*Going to leade him off.*

Sir *Sig.* Hold, hold man, Mad ſaid ye——ha, ha, ha——mad! whe we have a thouſand of theſe in *England* that go looſe about the ſtreets, and paſs with us for as ſober diſcreet religious perſons——
As a man ſhall wiſh to talk nonſenſe withall.

Pet.——You are miſtaken Signior, I ſay he is mad——ſtark mad,

Sir *Sig.* Prethee Barberacho what doſt thou mean——

Pet. To rid him hence that ſhe may be alone with you——'slife Sir, you're madder then he——don't you conceive——

Sir *Sig.* Ay, ay! nay, I confeſſe, Illuſtriſſima Signiora, my Governour has a Fit that takes him now and then, a kinde of a frenzy,——a figary——a whimſie——a maggot that bites always at naming of Popery:——ſo——he's gone.——Belliſſimo Signiora,——you have moſt artificially remov'd him——and this extraordinary proof of your affection is a ſigne of ſome ſmall kindeneſſe towards me, and though I was ſomething coy and reſerv'd before my Governour, Excellentiſſimo Signiora, let me tell you, your love is not caſt away.

Cor. Oh Sir you bleſſe too faſt! but will you ever love me——

Sir *Sig.* Love thee! I and lie with thee too, Moſt Magnanimous Signiora, and beget a whole Race of Roman *Julius Cæſars* upon thee; nay, now we're alone, turn me looſe to impudence, i'faith.

[*ruffles her, Enter* Philipa *in haſte, ſhutting the door after her.*

Phil. Oh Madam here's the young mad Engliſh Cavalier got into the houſe, and will not be deny'd ſeeing you.

Cor. This was lucky!

Sir *Sig.* How the mad Engliſh Cavalier! If this ſhou'd be our young Count *Galliard* now——I were in a ſweet taking——oh I know by my fears 'tis he; oh prethee what kinde of a manner of man is he?

Phil. A handſome——reſolute——brave——bold——

Sir *Sig.* Oh enough enough——Madam——I'le take my leave——I ſee you are——ſomething buſie at preſent,——and I'le——

Cor. Not for the World,——*Philipa*——bring in the Cavalier——that you may ſee there's none here fears him Signior.

Sir

Sir *Sig.* Oh hold hold,——Madam you are miſtaken in that point, for to tell you the truth, I do fear,——having——a certain——averſion or Antipathy,——to——Madam——a Gentleman——whe Madam they're the very Monſters of the Nation, they devour every day a Virgin.——

Cor. Good Heavens! and is he ſuch a Fury!

Sir *Sig.* Oh and the veryeſt Belzebub,——beſides Madam he vow'd my Death, if ever he catch me neer this houſe, and he ever keeps his word in caſes of this Nature,——Oh that's he, [*Knocking at the door.* I know it by a certain trembling inſtinct about me,——Oh what ſhall I do.——

Cor. Whe——I know not,——can you leap a high window?

Sir *Sig.*——He knocks again,——I proteſt I'me the worſt Vaulter in Chriſtendom,——have ye no moderate danger,——between the two extreams of the window or the mad Count? no Cloſet,——fear has dwindl'd me to the ſcantling of a Mouſehole.

Cor.——Let me ſee,——I have no leaſure to purſue my Revenge farther, and will reſt ſatisfy'd with this,——for this time—— [*Aſide.*

——Give me the Candle,——and whilſt *Philipa* is conducting the Cavalier to the *Alcove* by dark,——you may have an opportunity to ſlip out,——perhaps there may be danger in his being ſeen,—— [*Aſide.*

——farewell fool.—— [*Ex.* Cornelia *with the Candle,* Phil. *goes to the door, lets in* Gall. *takes him by the hand.*

Gall. Pox on't my Knights bound for *Vitterbo,* and there's no perſwading him into ſafe harbour again,——he has given me but two hours to diſpatch matters here,——and then I'me to imbark with him upon this new diſcovery of honourable Love, as he calls it, whoſe adventurers are fools, and the returning Cargo, that dead Commodity call'd a wife! a Voyage very ſutable to my humour,——who's there?——

Phil. A Slave of *Silvianetta's,* Sir give me your hand.——

[*Ex. Over the ſtage. Sir* Sig. *goes out ſoftly.*

[*The Scene changes to a Bed Chamber Alcove,* Petro *leading in* Tickletext.

Pet. Now Signior you're ſafe and happy; in the Bed-Chamber of your Miſtreſs.——who will be here immediately I'me ſure, I'le fetch a light and put you to bed in the mean time.——

Tick. Not before ſupper I hope honeſt *Barberacho*!

Pet. Oh Signior that you ſhall do lying, after the manner of the Ancient Romans.

Tick. Certo, and that was a marevllous good lazy cuſtome. [*Ex.* Pet.

Enter Philipa *with* Galliard *by dark.*——

Phil. My Lady will be with you inſtantly.—— [*goes out.*

Tick. Hah, ſure I heard ſome body come ſoftly in at the door: I hope 'tis the young Gentlewoman! [*He advances forward.*

Gall.

Gall. Silence! and Night! Love and dear opportunity!
[*In a ſoft tone.*

Joyn all your aids to make my *Silvia* kinde,
For I am fild with the expecting bliſs, [Tick. *thruſts his head out to liſten.*
And much delay, or diſappointment kills me.

Tick. Diſappointment kills me,——and me too *certo.*——'tis ſhe.——
[*Gropes about.*

Gall. Oh haſte my fair, haſte to my longing Arms,—
Where are you dear and lovely ſt of your Sex?

Tick. That's I, that's I, *mi Alma! mea core mea vita!*——
[*Groping and ſpeaking low.*

Gall. Hah——art thou come my life! my ſoul! my joy!——
[*Goes to embrace,* Tick. *they meet and kiſs.*
—S'death what's this a bearded Miſtreſs! Lights lights there, quickly lights, --Nay curſe me if thou ſcap'ſt me.---

[Tick. *ſtruggles to get away, he holds him by the Cravat and Periwig,* *Enter* Petro *with a Candle.*

Gall. Barberacho,—confound him 'tis the fool! whom I found this Evening about the Houſe, hovering to rooſt him here!---hah---what the devil have I caught---a *Tarter?* Eſcap't again! the devil's his confederate.--- [*Groping.*

[Pet. *puts out the Candle, comes to* Tick. *unties his Cravat behind, and he ſlips his head out of the Periwig and gets away, leaving both in* Gall.'s *hands.*

Pet. Give me your hand, I'le leade you a back pair of ſtairs through the Garden.

Tick. Oh any way to ſave my Reputation——oh—

Gall. Let me but once more graſp thee, and thou ſhalt finde more ſafety in the Devils clutches! none but my Miſtreſs ſerve ye.
[*Gropes out after him.*

[Pet. *with* Tick. *running over the ſtage,* Gall. *after 'em, with the Cravat and Perewig in one hand, his Piſtol in t'other.*

Enter Philipa *with a light.*

Phil. Mercy upon us, what's the matter——what noiſe is this—hah a Piſtol---what can this mean? [*A Piſtol goes off.*

Enter Sir *Signal. running.*

Sir *Sig.* Oh ſave me, gentle devil, ſave me, the ſtairs are fortify'd witk Canons and double Culverins; I'me purſu'd by a whole Regiment of arm'd men! here's gold, gold in abundance! ſave me——

Phil. What Canons? what arm'd men?

Sir *Sig.* Finding my ſelf purſu'd as I was groping my way through the Hall, and not being able to finde the door, I made towards the ſtairs

ſtairs again, at the foot of which I was ſaluted with a great gaun—— a pox of the courteſie.

Gall. [*Without*] Where are ye Knight, buffoon, dog of *Egypt*?

Sir *Sig.* Thunder and Lightning? 'tis *Galliards* voice——

Phil. Here, ſtep behinde this hanging——there's a Chimney which may ſhelter ye till the ſtorm be over,—if you be not ſmother'd before.

[*Puts him behinde the Arras,——Enter* Gall. *as before, and* Corn. *at the other door.*

Cor. Havens! what rude noiſe is this?

Gall. Where have you hid this fool, this lucky fool?
He whom blinde chance, and more ill-judging woman
Has rais'd to that degree of happineſſe
That witty men muſt ſigh and toyl in vain for.

Cor. Wat fool, what happineſſe?

Gall. Ceaſe cunning falſe one to excuſe thy ſelf,
See here the Trophees of your ſhameful choice,
And of my ruine, cruel---fair---deceiver!

Cor. Deceiver Sir, of whom——in what deſpairing minute did I ſwear to be a conſtant Miſtreſs? to what dull whining Lover did I vow and had the heart to break it.

Gall. Or if thou hadſt, I know of no ſuch dog as wou'd believe thee; no, thou art falſe to thy own charms, and haſt betray'd'em
To the poſſeſſion of the vileſt wretch
That ever Fortune curſt with happineſs;
Falſe to thy joys, falſe to thy wit and youth
All which thou'ſt damn'd with ſo much careful induſtry
To an eternal fool,
That all the arts of love can ne're redeem thee!

Sir *Sig.* Meaning me, meaning me: [*Peeping out of the Chimny his face blackt.*

Cor. A fool, what indiſcretion have you ſeen in me, ſhou'd make ye think I wou'd chooſe a witty man for a lover, who perhaps loves out his moneth in pure good husbandry, and in that time does more miſchief then a hundred fools; ye conquer without reſiſtance, ye treat without pity, and triumph without mercy; and when you're gone, the world crys——ſhe had not wit enough to keep him, when indeed you are not fool enough to be kept! thus we forfeit both our Liberties and diſcretion with you villanous witty men; for wiſedom is but good ſucceſs in things, and thoſe that fail are fools!

Gall. Moſt gloriouſly diſputed!
You're grown a Machivillian in your Art.

Cor. Oh neceſſary Maxims only, and the firſt Politiques we learn from obſervation ---I've known a Curtezan grown infamous, deſpis'd, decay'd, and ruin'd, in the poſſeſſion of you witty men, who when ſhe had

had the luck to break her chains, and cast her net for fools, has liv'd in state, finer then Brides upon their wedding-day, and more profuse then the young amorous Coxcomb that set her up an idoll.

Sir *Sig.* Well argu'd of my side, I see the Bagage loves me!

[*Peeping out with a face more smutted.*

Gall. And hast thou! oh, but prethee Jilt me on,
And say thou hast not, destin'd all thy charms,
To such a wicked use;
Is that dear Face and Mouth for slaves to kiss:
Shall those bright Eyes be gaz'd upon, and serve
But to reflect the Images of fools?

Sir *Sig.* That's I still. [*Peeping more black.*

Gall. Shall that soft tender bosome be approcht,
By one who wants a Soul, to breathe in languishment,
At every kiss that presses it.

Sir *Sig.* Soul, what a pox care I for Soul,——as long as my person is so Amiable.—

Gall.——No, Renounce that dull discretion that undoes thee,
Cunning is cheaply to be wise, leave it to those that have
No other powers to gain a Conquest by,
It is below thy charms;—
—Come swear,—and be forsworn most damnably,—
Thou hast not yielded yet; say 'twas intended only,
And though thou ly'st, by Heaven I must believe thee,—
——Say,——hast thou—given him—all?

Cor. I've done as bad, we have discourst th'affair,
And 'tis concluded on.——

Gall. As bad! by Heaven much worse! discours'd with him,
Were't thou so wretched, so depriv'd of sense,
To hold discourse with such an Animal?
Damn it! the sin is ne're to be forgiven!
—Had'st thou been wanton to that lewd degree,
By dark he might have been conducted to thee;
Where silently he might have serv'd thy purpose,
And thou had'st had some poor excuse for that!
But bartering words with fools admits of none.

Cor. I grant ye,—had I talk't sense to him,—which had been enough to have lost him for ever.

Sir *Sig.* Poor Devil, how fearfull 'tis of losing me! [*Aside.*

Gall. That's some atonement for thy other sins,——come break thy word and wash it quite away.

Sir *Sig.* That cogging won't do my good friend, that won't do.

Gall. Thou shalt be just and perjur'd, and pay my heart the debt of Love you owe it.

Cor. And wou'd you have the heart——to make a whore of me?

Gall. With all my Soul, and the Devils in't if I can give thee a greater proof of my paſſion.

Cor. I rather fear you wou'd deboch me, into that dull ſlave call'd a wife:

Gall. A wife! have I no Conſcience, no Honour in me!
Frethee believe I wou'd not be ſo wicked,—
No,——my deſires are generous! and Noble,
To ſet thee up, that glorious inſolent thing,
That makes mankinde ſuch ſlaves! almighty Curtizan!
——Come! to thy private Chamber let us haſte,
The ſacred Temple of the God of Love!
And conſecrate thy power! [*Offers to bear her off.*

Cor. Stay, do you take me then for what I ſeem!

Gall. I'me ſure I do! and wou'd not be miſtaken for a Kingdome!
But if thou art not! I can ſoon mend that fault,
And make thee ſo,——come—I'me impatient to begin the Experiment,
[*Offers again to carry her off.*

Cor. Nay then I am in earneſt,——hold miſtaken ſtranger!—I am of Noble birth! and ſhou'd I in one hapleſs loving minute, deſtroy the Honour of my Houſe, ruin my youth and Beauty! and all that virtuous Education, my hoping parents gave me?

Gall. Pretty diſſembl'd pride and innocence! and wounds no leſs then ſmiles!——come let us in,——where I will give thee leave to frown and Jilt, ſuch pretty frauds advance the appetite. [*Offers again.*

Cor. By all that's good I am a Maid of Quality!
Bleſt with a Fortune equal to my Birth!

Gall. I do not credit thee, or if I did!
For once I wou'd diſpence with Quality,
And to expreſs my Love! take thee with all theſe faults!

Cor. And being ſo, can you expect I'le yield?

Gall. The ſooner for that Reaſon if thou'rt wiſe;
The Quality will take away the ſcandal,——
Do not torment me longer.—— [*Offers to lead her again.*

Cor. Stay and be undeceiv'd,——I do conjure ye.—

Gall. Art thou no Curtizan?

Cor. Not, on my life nor do intend to be!

Gall. No proſtitute! nor doſt intend to be?

Cor. By all that's good, I only feign'd to be ſo!

Gall. No Curtizan! haſt thou deceiv'd me then?
Tell me thou wicked——honeſt couzening Beauty!
Why did'ſt thou draw me in, with ſuch a fair pretence,
Why ſuch a temping preface to invite,
And the whole piece ſouſeleſs and unedifying?
——Heavens! not a Curtizan!
Why from thy window did'ſt thou take my vows,

And

And make ſuch kinde returns? Oh damn your quality, what honeſt Whore but wou'd have ſcorn'd thy cunning.

Cor. I make ye kinde returns!

Gall.—Perſwade me out of that too!'twill be like thee!

Cor. By all my wiſhes I never held diſcourſe with you—but this Evening ſince I firſt ſaw your face!

Gall. Oh the Impudence of Honeſty and quallity in woman!
A plague upon 'em both, they have undone me,
Bear witneſs Oh thou gentle Queen of night,
Goddeſs of ſhades, ador'd by Lovers moſt;
How oft under thy covert ſhe has damn'd her ſelf,
With feigned love to me! [*in paſſion.*

Cor. Heavens! this is Impudence, that power I call to witneſs too how damnably thou injur'ſt me; [*angry.*

Gall. You never from your Window talk't of love to me?

Cor. Never.

Gall. So, nor you're no Curtizan;

Cor. No by my life!

Gall. So, nor do intend to be, by all that's good;

Cor. By all that's good never.

Gall. So,—and you are reall honeſt, and of quallity?

Cor. Or may *I* ſtill be wretched!

Gall. So, then farewell honeſty and quallity!—S'death what a night, what hopes, and what a Miſtriſs; have I all loſt for honeſty and quallity! [*offers to go.*

Cor. Stay.—

Gall. I will be wreck't firſt,—let go thy hold! [*in fury.*
—Unleſs thou wouldſt repent.— [*in a ſoft tone.*

Cor. I cannot of my fixt reſolves for Virtue!
—But if you could but—love me—Honourably—
For I aſſum'd this habit and this dreſs—

Gall. To cheat me of my heart the readyeſt way!
And now like Gaming Rooks, unwilling to give o're till you have hook't in my laſt ſtake my body too, you couzen me with honeſty,—oh Damn the dice—I'le have no more on't I, the game's too deep for me! unleſs you play'd upon the ſquare, Or *I* cou'd cheat like you—farewell Quallity!— [*goes out.*

Cor. He's gone, *Phillipa* run and fetch him back;
I have but this ſhort night allow'd for Liberty!
Perhaps to morrow I may be a ſlave? [*Ex.* Phill.
—Now a my Conſcience there never came good of this troubleſome virtue—hang't *I* was too ſerious, but a Devil on't he looks ſo Charmingly—and was ſo very preſſing I durſt truſt my gay Humour and good Nature no farther! [*She walks about, Sir* Signal *peeps and then comes out.*

Sir *Sig.* He's gone!----ſo---ha ha ha---
as I hope to breath Madam, you have moſt neatly diſpatcht him; poor fool---to compare his wit and his perſon to mine.---

Cor. Hah, the Coxcombe here ſtill.---

Sir *Sig.* Well this Countenance of mine never fail'd me yet:

Cor. Ah--- [*Looking about on him ſees his face black ſqueeks and runs away.*

Sir *Sig.* Ah, Whe what the Deavilo's that for,
---Whe 'tis I, 'tis I moſt *Sereniſſimo Signiora!* [Gall. *returns and* Philipa.

Gall. What noiſe is that, or is't ſome new deſigne.
To fetch me back again?

Sir *Sig.* How! *Galliard* return'd!

Gall. Hah! what art thou? a Mortall or a Devil?

Sir *Sig.* How! not know me? now might I paſs upon him moſt daintily for a Devil, but that I have been beaten out of one Devilſhip already, and dare venture no more Conjurationing.

Gall. Dog, what art thou---not ſpeak! Nay then I'le inform my ſelf, and try if you be fleſh and blood. [*Kicks him, he avoids.*

Sir *Sig.* No matter for all this---'tis better to be kick't then diſcovered, for then I ſhall be kill'd!---and I can ſacrifice a limb or two to my reputation at any time!

Gall. Death, 'tis the fool, the fool for whom I am abus'd and jilted, 'tis ſome revenge to diſappoint her cunning, and drive the ſlave before me---Dog! were you her laſt reſerve.--- [*kicks him, he keeps in his cry.*

Sir *Sig.* Still I ſay Mum!

Gall. The Aſſe will ſtill appear through all diſguiſes,
Nor can the Devils ſhape ſecure the fool--- [*Kicks him he runs out as* Cor. *enters and holds* Gall.

Cor. Hold Tyrant---

Gall. Oh Women! Women! fonder in your Appetites
Then Beaſts; and more unnatural!
For they but couple with their kinde, but you
Promiſcuouſly ſhuffle your Brutes together
The fop of buſineſs with the lazy Gown-man---the learned Aſſe with the Illiterate wit. The empty coxcombe with the Pollititian, as Dull and inſignificant as he; from the gay fool made more a beaſt by fortune to all the loath'd infirmities of Age!
---Farewell---I ſcorn to crowd with the dull Herd! Or graze upon the common where they batten--- [*Goes out.*

Fill. I know he loves, by this concern I know it,
And will not let him part diſatisfy'd! [*Goes out.*

Cor. ---By all that's good I love him more each moment, and know he's deſtin'd to be mine.--- [Enter *Marcella.*

---What

—What hopes *Marcella*, what i'ſt we next ſhall do?

Mar. Fly to our laſt reſerve, come let's haſte and dreſs! in that diſguiſe we took our flight from *Vitterbo* in,—and ſomthing—I reſolve!

Cor. My ſoul informs me what!—I ha't! a project worthy of us both—Which whilſt we dreſs I'le tell thee,—and by which
My dear *Marcella* we will ſtand or fall,
'Tis our laſt ſtake we ſet; and have at all.—

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Petro, Tickletext, *from the Garden.*

Tick. HAſte honeſt *Barberacho*, before the day diſcover us to the wicked world, and that more wicked *Galliard*!

Pet. Well Signior, of a bad turn 'twas a good one, that he took you for Sir *Signal*! the ſcandal lys at his door now Sir,—ſo the Ladders faſt, you may now mount and away.—

Tick. Very well go your ways, and commend me honeſt *Barberacho* to the young Gentlewoman! and let her know as ſoon as I may be certain to run no hazard in my Reputation, I'le viſit her again!

Pet. I'le warrant ye Signior for the future!

Tick. So, now get you gone leſt we be diſcover'd!

Pet. Farewell Signior, *a bon viage.* [*Ex.* Pet. Tick. *deſcends.*

Tick. 'Tis marvellous dark, and I have loſt my Lanthorn in the fray! [*Groping*]—hah—where abouts am I—hum—what have we here!—ah help help help! [*ſtumbles at the Well, gets hold of the rope and ſlides down in the Bucket.*
I ſhall be drown'd, fire! fire, fire, for I have water enough! Oh for ſome houſe,—ſome ſtreet, nay wou'd *Rome* it ſelf were a ſecond time in flames, that my deliverance might be wrought by the neceſſity for water,—but no human help is nigh—oh. [*Enter Sir* Sig. *as before.*

Sir *Sig.* Did ever any Knight adventurer, run through ſo many diſaſters in one Night! my worſhipful carkaſs has been cudgel'd moſt plentifully, firſt bang'd for a coward, which by the way was none of my fault, I cannot help Nature! then clawd away for a *Diavillo*! there I was th e fool! but who can help that too! frighted with *Gall*'s coming into an Ague, then chimney'd into a Feavor, where I had a fine regale of ſoot, a perfume which nothing but my *Cacamarda Orangate* cou'd excell! and which I finde by—[*ſnufs*] my ſmelling has defac'd Natures mage, and a ſecond time made me be ſuſpected for a devil!—let me ſee,— [*Opens his Lanthorn and looks on his hands.*

'tis

——'tis ſo—I am in a clenly pickle! if my face be of the ſame peice, I am fit to ſcare away old *Belzebub* himſelf e faith: [*Wipes his face.*
——Ay——'tis ſo——like to like quoth the devil to the Collier! well I'le home, ſcrub my ſelf clean if poſſible, get me to bed, deviſe a handſome lye to excuſe my long ſtay to my Governor and all's well, and the man has his Mare again! [*ſhuts his Lanthorn and gropes away, runs againſt the Well.*

—*que queſto* [*feels gently.*]
make me thankfull 'tis ſubſtantial wood! by your leave—
[*Opens his Lanthorn.*
how! a Well! ſent by providence that I may waſh my ſelf, leſt people ſmoke me by the ſcent, and beat me anew for ſtinking:

[*ſets down his Lanthorn, pulls of his Masking coat, and goes to draw water.*
'Tis a damnable heavy Bucket, now do I fancy I ſhall look when I am waſhing my ſelf, like the ſigne of the Labour in vain.

Tick. So my cry is gone forth, and I am delivered by Miracle from this Dungeon of death and darkneſs: this cold Element of deſtruction.——

Sir *Sig.* Hah—ſure I heard a diſmal hollow voice.—
[Tick. *appears in the Bucket, above the Well.*

Tick. What art thou com'ſt in charity.—

Sir *Sig.* Ah *le Diavillo! le Diavillo! le Diavillo.*——
[*Lets go the Bucket, and is running frighted away.*

Enter Fillamour *and Page, he returns.*

—How a man! was ever wretched wite ſo miſerable, the devil at one hand, and a Roman Night-walker at the other! which danger ſhall I chooſe!— [*Gets to the door of the houſe.*

Tick. So, I am got up at laſt——thanks to my Knight, for I am ſure 'twas he! hah he's here—I'le hear his buſineſs. [*Goes neer to* Fillamour.

Fill. Confound this woman! this bewitching woman,
I cannot ſhake her from my ſullen heart,
Spight of my Soul I linger here abouts;
And cannot to *Vitterbo.*

Tick. Very good! a dainty Raſcall this!

Enter Galliard *with a Lanthorn, as from* Silvia's *houſe, held by* Philipa.

Fill.—Hah who's this coming from her houſe, perhaps 'tis *Galliard*!
Gall. No Argument ſhall fetch me back by Heaven?
Fill. 'Tis the mad Rogue!

Tick. Oh Lord 'tis *Galliard*! and angry too, now cou'd I but get off and leave Sir *Signal* to be beaten, 'twere a rare project,—but 'tis impoſſible without diſcovery.

Fill. But will you hear her Signior!

Gall.

Gall. That is, will I loſe more time about her! plague on't I have thrown away already ſuch Songs, and ſonets, ſuch Madrigalls and Foſies, ſuch Night walks, ſighs, and direfull Lovers looks, as wou'd have mollify'd any woman of Conſcience and Religion! and now to be popt 'ith mouth with Quality! well if ever you catch me lying with any but honeſt well meaning Damzells hereafter hang me:—farewell old ſecret farewell! [*Ex.* Philipa.

—Now am I aſham'd of being cuzend ſo damnably, *Fillamour* that virtuous Raſcall will ſo laugh at me! s'heart cou'd I but have debaucht him, we had been on equall terms,—but I muſt help my ſelf with lying, and ſwear I have—a—

Fill. You ſhall not need, I'le keep your counſel Sir!

Gall. Hah—*eſte vous la!*—

Tick. How *Fillamour* all this while, ſome comfort yet, I am not the only profeſſor that diſſembles! but how to get away.—

Gall. Oh *Harry*, the moſt damnably defeated! [*A noiſe of ſwords.*

Fill. Hold! what noiſe is that! two men coming this way as from the houſe of the Curtizans.

[*Enter* Julio *backwards fighting* Octavio *and bravo's*!

Gall. Hah on retreating,—'sdeath I've no ſword!

Enter Julio *and* Octavio *fighting.*

Fill. Here's one! I'le take my Pages! [*Takes the Boys ſword.*

Gall. Now am I mad for miſchief, here hold my Lanthorn Boy!

[*They fight on* Julio's *ſide, and fight* Octavio *out at tother ſide! Enter* Laura *and* Sabina! *at the fore-door---which is the ſame, where Sir* Signal *ſtands,* Tick. *groping up that way! finds Sir* Sig. *juſt entering in:* Lau. *and* Sab. *paſs over the ſtage.*

Sir *Sig.* Hah a door open! I care not who it belongs too, 'tis better dying within doors like a man then in the ſtreet like a dog!

[*Going in* Tick. *in great fear comes up and pulls him.*

Tick. Signior! a gentle Signior, whoe're ye are that owns this Manſion, I beſeech you to give protection to a wretched man! half dead with fear and injury!

Sir *Sig.* Nay, I defy the devil to be more dead with fear then I!--Signior you may enter! perhaps 'tis ſome body that will make an excuſe for us both,——but hark they return!

[*And both go in: juſt after* Laura *and* Sabina *enter.*

Lau. He's gone! he's gone! perhaps for ever gone,——tell me thou ſilly manager of Love! how got this Ruffian in, how was it poſſible without thy knowledge,—he cou'd get admittance.

Sab. Now as I hope to live and learn I know not Madam! unleſs he follow'd you when you let in the Cavalier, which being by dark he eaſily

easily conceal'd himself; no doubt some Lover of the *Silvianetta's* who mistaking you for her! took him too for a Rival!

Lau. 'Tis likely, and my Fortune is too blame, my cursed Fortune
Who like Misers, deals her scanty bountys with so slow a hand,
That or we dy before the blessing falls,
Or have it snatcht ere we can call it ours!
[*Raving.*] To have him in my house, to have him kinde!
Kind as young Lovers when they meet by stelth:
As fond as Age to Beauty! and as soft,
As Love and wit cou'd make impatient youth,
Preventing even my wishes and desires,
——Oh Gods! and then! even then to be defeated,
Then from my ore joy'd Arms to have him snatch't;
Then when our vows, had made our freedome lawfull!
What Maid cou'd suffer a surprise so cruel!
——The day begins to break,—go search the streets,
And bring me news he's safe or I am lost. [*Enter* Gall. Fill. *and* Julio.

Fill. Galliard! where art thou!

Gall. Here safe and by thy side.—

Lau. 'Tis he!

Jul. Who ere he were, the Rogue fought like a fury, and but for your timely aid I'de been in some danger!

Fill. But *Galliard*, thou wert telling me thy adventure with *Silvianetta!* there may be comfort in't.

Lau. So, now I shall hear with what concern he speaks of me.-[*aside.*

Gall. Oh damn her, damn her!

Lau. Hah! [*Aside.*

Gall. The very'st jilt that ever learnt the Art.

Lau. Heavens!

Gall. Death the whore took me, for some Amorous English Elder Brother! and was for Matrimony in the devils name! thought me a loving fool, that nere had seen so glorious a sight before! and wou'd at any rate enjoy!

Lau. Oh Heavens! I am amaz'd! How much he differs from the thing he was, but a few minutes since. [*Aside.*

Gall. And to advance her price, set up for Quality! nay swore she was a Maid! and that she did but Act the Curtizan!

Lau. Which then he seem'd to give a credit too,——oh the forsworn dissembler.

Gall. But when I came to the matter then in debate, she was for Honourable Love forsooth, and wou'd not yield no marry wou'd she, not under a Licence from the Parson of the Parish.

Jul. Who was it prethee, 'twere a good deed to be so reveng'd on her!

Gall. Pox on her no, I'me sure she's a damn'd gipsie, for at the same time

time she had her Lovers in reserve, lay hid in her Bed-Chamber.

Lau. 'Twas that he took unkindly.
And makes me guilty of that rude Address!

Fill. Another Lover had she!

Gall. Yes, our Coxcomb Knight *Buffoon*, laid by for a relliſhing bit, in caſe I prov'd not ſeaſon'd to her minde.

Lau. Hah! he knew him then!

Gall. But damn her, ſhe paſſes with the Night, the day will bring new Objects.

Fill. Oh I do not doubt it *Frank*!

Lau. Falſe and inconſtant! Oh I ſhall rave *Siilvio*.——[*Aſide to* Silv.

Enter Cornelia! *in Mans Cloathes with a Letter.*

Cor. Here be the Cavaliers! give me kinde Heaven but hold of him, and if I keep him not, I here renounce my charms of wit and Beauty? ——Signiors, is there a Cavalier amongſt ye call'd *Fillamour*.

Fill. I own that name; what wou'd you Sir.

Cor. Only deliver this Signior.

[Fill. *goes aſide opens his Lanthorn and reads*, Jul. *and* Gall *talk aſide.*

Fill. [*Reads.*] I'le only tell you I am Brother to that *Marcella* whom you have injur'd; to oblige you to meet me an hour hence, in the *Piazo Deſpagnia*! I need not ſay with your ſword in your hand, ſince you will there meet,—*Julio Sebaſtiano*, *Muriſini*:——hah! her Brother ſure——return'd from Travel, [*Aſide.*

——Signior——I will not fail to anſwer it as he deſires, [*to* Cornelia.

I'le take this opportunity to ſteal off undiſcover'd, [*Aſide going out.*

Cor. So I've done my ſiſters buſineſs, now for my own.

Gall. But my good friend, pray what adventure have you been on to Night.

Jul. Faith Sir, 'twas like to have prov'd a pleaſant one, I came juſt now from the *Silvianetta*,——the fair young Curtizan.

Cor. Hah! what ſaid the man——came from me! [*Aſide.*

Gall. How Sir, you with *Silvianetta*! when?

Jul. Now, all the dear live long Night.

Cor. A pox take him, who can this be?—— [*Aſide.*

Gall. This Night! this Night! that is not yet departed!

Jul. This very happy Night:——I told you I ſaw a lovely woman at St. *Peters* Church.

Gall. You did ſo.

Jul. I told you too I follow'd her home, but cou'd learn neither her Name nor quality, but my Page getting ino the acquaintance of one of hers, brought me news of both: her Name *Silvianetta*, her quality a Curtizan!

Cor. I at Church yeſterday! Now hang me if I had any ſuch devout thoughts about me, whe what a damn'd ſcandalous Raſcall this.

Jul. Fill'd with hopes of ſucceſs, at Night I made her a viſit, and under her window had a skirmiſh with ſome Rival, who was then ſerinading her:

Gall. Was't he that fought us then,——[*Aſide*]——but it ſeems you were not miſtaken in the houſe,—on with your ſtory pray——death I grow jealous now,——[*Aſide*] you came at Night you ſaid?——

Jul. Yes, and was receiv'd at the door, by the kind *Silvianetta*, who ſoftly whiſper'd me, come to my boſome and be ſafe for ever! and doubtleſs took me for ſome happier man.

Lau. Confuſion on him, 'twas my very language! [*Aſide raving.*

Jul. Then led me by dark, into her Chamber!

Cor. Oh this damn'd lying Raſcall! I do this? [*Aſide.*

Jul. But oh the things, the dear obliging things, the kinde the fair young charmer ſaid and did.

Gall. To thee!

Jul. To me.

Gall. Did *Silvianetta* do this, *Silvianetta* the Curtizan.

Jul. That paſſes Sir for ſuch, but is indeed of quality.

Cor. This ſtranger is the devil! how ſhou'd he know that ſecret elſe.

Jul. She told me too 'twas for my ſake alone, whom from the firſt minute ſhe ſaw, ſhe Lov'd! ſhe had aſſum'd that Name and that diſguiſe, the ſooner to invite me.

Lau. 'Tis plain, the things I utter'd!——oh my heart!'

Gall. Curſe on the publique jilt, the very flattery ſhe wou'd have paſt on me.

Cor. Pox take him, I muſt draw on him, I cannot hold! [*Aſide.*

Gall. Was ever ſuch a whore.

Lau. Oh that I knew this man, whom by miſtake! [*Aſide.*
I laviſht all the ſecrets of my ſoul too! [*Aſide.*

Jul. I preſt for ſomething more then dear expreſſions,
And found her yield apace,
But ſighing told me, of a fatall Contract,
She was oblig'd to make to one ſhe never ſaw,
And yet if I wou'd vow to Marry her, when ſhe cou'd prove to Merrit it, ſhe wou'd deny me nothing.

Lau. 'Twas I, by Heaven that heedleſs fool was I.

Jul. Which I with Lovers eager joy perform'd,
And on my knees utter'd the haſty words,
Which ſhe repeated ore and gave me back!

Gall. So, he has ſwallow'd with a vengeance the very bait ſhe had prepar'd for me, or any body that wou'd bite. [*Aſide.*

Jul. But ere I cou'd receive the dear reward of all my vows,
I was drawn upon, by a man that lay hid in her Chamber:
Whether by chance or deſign I know not, who fought me out,
And was the ſame you found me engag'd with.

Cor.

Cor. A pleaſant Raſcall this, as ere the devil taught his leſſon too.

Gall. So, my comfort is ſhe has jilted him too moſt damnably.

Cor. 'Slife I have anger enough to make me valiant, why ſhou'd I not make uſe on't, and beat this lying Villain whilſt the fit holds.

Gall. And you deſign to keep theſe vows, though you're contracted to another woman?

Jul. I neither thought of breaking thoſe, or keeping theſe,
My ſoul was all imploy'd another way.

Lau.——It ſhall be ſo,——*Silvio*——I've thought upon a way that muſt redeem all,——hark and obſerve me.——

[*Takes* Sil. *and whiſpers to him.*

Jul. But I'me impatient to purſue my adventure,
Which I muſt endeavour to do, before the light diſcover the miſtake;
——Farewell Sir. [*Ex.* Julio.

Gall. Go and be ruin'd quite, ſhe has the knack of doing it.

Silv. I'le warrant ye Madam for my part. [*Ex.* Laura!

Gall.——I have a damn'd hankering after this woman, why cou'd not I have put the cheat on her, as *Julio* has, I ſtand as little on my word as he! a good round Oath or two had done the buſineſs,——but a pox on't I lov'd too well to be ſo wiſe. [Silvio *comes up to him.*

Sab. Conlicentia Signior! Is your name *Galliard*?

Gall. I am the man ſweet-heart,——let me behold thee——hah——*Sans Cour's!* Page.

Sab. A dews of his Lanthorn, what ſhall I ſay now? [*Aſide.*
——Softly Signior, I am that Page whoſe chiefeſt buſineſs is to attend my Lords Miſtriſs Sir.

Cor. His Miſtreſs: whoſe Miſtreſs, what Miſtreſs; s'life how that little word has nettled me! [*Aſide liſtening cloſe.*

Gall. Upon my life the woman that he boaſted of. [*Aſide hugging himſelf.*
——a fair young Amorous—Noble——Wanton a——
And ſhe wou'd ſpeak with me my lovely boy?

Sab. You have prevented the commands I had! but ſhould my Lord know of it;——

Gall. Thou wert undone! I underſtand thee——
And will be as ſecret as a Confeſſor——
As lonely ſhades, or everlaſting Night——come lead the way.——

Cor. Where I will follow thee, though to the bed of her thou'rt going too, and even prevent thy very buſineſs there.—— [*Aſide.*

Exeunt.

Enter Laura *as before in a Night-gown.* Scene, *A Chamber.*

Lau. Now for a power that never yet was known
To charm this ſtranger quickly into love,

Aſſiſt my eyes thou God of kinde deſires;
Inſpire my language with a moving force
That may at once gain and ſecure the Victory. *Enter* Sil.

Sab. Madam your Lovers here: your time's but ſhort, conſider too
Count *Julio* may arrive!

Lau. Let him arrive! having ſecur'd my ſelf of what I love,
I'le leave him to complain his unknown loſſe
To careleſſe winds as pittyleſs as I: *Sabina* ſee the Rooms
Be fill'd with lights! whilſt I prepare my ſelf to entertain him.
Darkneſs ſhall ne're deceive me more—— [*Enter to* Sil. Gall. *gazing about him* Cor. *peeping at the door.*

Gall. All's wonderous rich,——Gay as the Court of love,
But ſtill and ſilent as the ſhades of death;
——Hah——Muſick! and Excellent! [*Soft Muſick whilſt they ſpeak.*
Pox on't——but where's the woman——I need no preparation.——

Cor. No you are always provided for ſuch incounters and can fall too
Sans Ceremony,——but I may ſpoil you ſtomack. [*A Song tuning.*

Gall. A voice too, by Heaven and 'tis a ſweet one:
Grant ſhe be young and I'le excuſe the reſt.
Yet vie for pleaſure with the happyeſt Roman!

[*The Song as by* Laura, *after which ſoft Muſick till ſhe enters.*

The SONG By a Perſon of Quality.

Farewell the World and mortal cares
The raviſht Strephon *cry'd,*
As full of joy and tender tears
He lay by Phillis *ſide:*
Let others toyl for wealth and fame,
Whilſt not one thought of mine,
At any other bliſs ſhall aim,
But thoſe dear arms, but thoſe dear arms of thine.

Still let me gaze on thy bright eyes,
And hear thy charming tongue,
I nothing ask t' increaſe my joys
But thus to feel 'em long;
In cloſe embraces let us lye,
And ſpend our lives to come,
Then let us both together dye
And be each others, be each others Tomb.

——Death

—Death I am fir'd already with her voice.—

Cor. So, I am like to thrive,— [*Enter* Julio.

Jul. What mean theſe lights in every room, as if to make the day without the Sun: and quite deſtroy my hopes!—hah *Galliard* here!

Cor. A man! grant it ſome Lover, or ſome Husband Heaven!
Or any thing that will but ſpoil the ſport,
The Lady! oh blaſt her! how fair ſhe is.

[*Enter* Laura *with her Lute dreſt in a careleſs rich dreſs, follow'd by* Sabina *to whom ſhe gives her Lute.*

Jul. Hah! 'tis the ſame woman! [*Sees* Julio *and ſtarts.*

Lau. A ſtranger here! what Art can help me now.— [*She pauſes.*

Gall. By all my joys a lovely woman 'tis,

Lau. Help me deceipt, diſſembling, all that's woman—

[*She ſtarts and gazes on* Gall. *pulling* Silvio.

Cor. Sure I ſhou'd know that face.—

Lau. Ah look my *Silvio*! is't not he!—it is!
That ſmile, that Air, that meen, that Bow is his!
'Tis he by all my hopes, by all my wiſhes!

Gall. He, yes yes, I am a He, I thank my ſtars!
And never bleſt 'em half ſo much for being ſo,
As for the dear variety of woman!

Cor. Curſe on her charms ſhee'l make him love in earneſt.

Lau. It is my Brother! and report was falſe! [*Going towards him.*

Gall. How her Brother! Gad I'me ſorry we're ſo neer akin with all My ſoul; for I am damnably pleas'd with her!

Lau. Ah why do ye ſhun my Arms —or are ye Ayr!
And not to be inclos'd in human twines—
Perhaps you are the Ghoſt of that dead Lord!
That comes to whiſper vengance to my ſoul.

Lau. Shart! a Ghoſt! this is an odd preparative to love. (*Aſide.*

Cor. 'Tis *Laura*! my Brother *Julio*'s Miſtreſs, and Siſter to *Octavio*!

Gall. Death, Madam, do not ſcare away my love, with tales of Ghoſts, and fancies of the dead, I'le give ye proofs I'me living loving man, as errant an Amorous a Mortall as heart can wiſh —I hope ſhe will not jilt me too. [*Aſide.*

Cor. So! he's at his common proof for all Arguments
If ſhe ſhou'd take him at his word now, and ſhe'l be ſure to do't.

Lau. Amiable ſtranger pardon the miſtake!
And charge it on my paſſion for a Brother!
Devotion was not more retir'd then *I*,
Veſtals, or widow'd Matrons when they weep,
Till by a fatall chance *I* ſaw in you;
The dear reſemblance of a Murther'd Brother! [*Weeps.*

Jul.

Jul. What the devil can ſhe mean by this. [*Aſide.*

Lau. I durſt not truſt my eyes, yet ſtill I gaz'd,
And that encreas'd my faith you were my Brother,
But ſince they err'd, and he indeed is dead,
Oh give me leave to pay you all that love,
That tenderneſs and paſſion that was his! [*Weeping.*

Cor. So, I knew ſhe wou'd bring matters about ſome way or other, oh miſchief miſchief help me! 'slife I can be wicked enough when I have no uſe on't, and now I have, I'me as harmleſs as a fool.

[*As* Gall. *is earneſtly talking to* Lau. Julio *pulls him by the ſleeve.*

Lau. Oh ſave me! ſave me from the Murderer!

Jul. Hah!

Gall. A Murderer where!

Lau. I faint, I dye with horror of the ſight.

Gall. Hah——my friend a Murderer! ſure you miſtake him Madam, he ſaw not *Rome* till yeſterday,—an honeſt youth Madam and one that knows his diſtance upon occaſion!——'slife how cam'ſt thou here——prethee begone and leave us!

Jul. Why do you know this Lady Sir.

Gall. Know her!—a——ay ay——man——and all her Relations, ſhe's of quality,——withdraw withdraw——Madam——a——he is my friend and ſhall be civil.——

Lau. I have an eaſie faith for all you ſay,——but yet however innocent he be or dear to you, I beg he woul'd depart——he is ſo like my brothers Murtherer, that one look more wou'd kill me——

Jul. A Murtherer! charge me with cowardiſe, with Rapes or Treaſons—Gods a Murtherer!

Cor. A devil on her! ſhe has rob'd the ſex of all their arts of cunning.

Gall. Pox on't thou'rt rude! go, in good manners go——

Lau. I do conjure ye torture me no more,
If you wou'd have me think you're not that Murtherer.
Be gone——and leave your Friend to calm my heart
Into ſome kinder thoughts!

Gall. Ay, ay, prithee go! I'le be ſure to do thy buſineſs for thee;

Cor. Yes, yes, you will not fail to do a friendly part no doubt—

Jul. 'Tis but in vain to ſtay——I ſee ſhe did miſtake her man
laſt Night, and 'twas to chance I am in debt for that good fortune!——
I will retire to ſhow my obedience Madam!

[*Ex.* Jul. Gall. *going to the door with him.*

Lau. He's gone and left me Miſtreſs of my wiſh!
Deſcend ye little winged Gods of Love,
Deſcend and hover round our bower of bliſſe,
Play all in various forms about the youth; [*Aſide.*

And

And empty all our quivers at his heart.

[Gall. *returns, ſhe takes him by the hand.*

—Advance thou dearer to my ſoul then kindred,
Thou more then Friend or Brother,
Let meaner Souls born baſe conceal the God!
Love owns his Monarchy within my heart,
So Kings that daign to viſit humble roofs:
Enter diſguis'd, but in a Noble Palace,
Own their great Power, and ſhow themſelves in glory.

Gall. I am all tranſport with this ſudain bliſs,
And want ſome kinde allay to fit my Soul for recompence.

Cor. Yes, yes, my forward friend you ſhall have an allay, if all my Art can do't, to damp thee even to diſappointment.

Gall. My Souls all wonder now, let us retire,
And gaze till I have ſoftend it to Love. [*Going out is met by* Cor.

Cor. Madam!

Lau. More interruption!—hah.— [*Turns.*

Cor. My Maſter the young *Count Julio.*

Lau. Julio!

Gall. What of him. [*Aſide.*

Cor. Being juſt now arriv'd at *Rome!*

Lau. Heavens! arriv'd! [*Aſide.*

Cor. Sent me to beg the Honour of waiting on you.

Lau. Sure ſtranger you miſtake!—

Cor. If Madam you are *Laura Lucretia*!—

Gall. Laura Lucretia! by Heaven the very woman he's to marry.
[*Aſide.*

Lau. This wou'd ſurpriſe a Virgin leſs reſolv'd,
But what have I to do with ought but Love! [*Aſide.*
—And can your Lord imagine this an hour,
To make a ceremonious viſit in!

Gall. Ridles by Love! or is't ſome trick again. [*Aſide.*

Cor. Madam, where vows are paſt, the want of ceremony may be pardon'd!

Lau. I do not uſe to have my will diſputed,
Begone and let him know I'le be obey'd!

Cor. 'Slife ſhe'l out-wit me yet,— [*Aſide.*
Madam I ſee this niceneſs is not general,
—You can except ſome Lovers.

Gall. My pert young confident depart, and let your Maſter know he'l finde a better welcome from the fair vain Curtizan, *la Silvianetta*! where he has paſt the Night and given his vows.

Lau. Dearly devis'd and I muſt take the hint. [*Aſide ſmiling.*

Cor. He knows me ſure, and ſays all this to plague me. [*Aſide.*
My Lord, my Maſter with a Curtizan! he's but juſt now ariv'd.

Gall.

Gall. A pretty focward ſawcy lying boy this! and may do well in time,——Madam believe him not, I ſaw his Maſter yeſterday,——converſt with him,——I know him he's my friend!—'twas he that parted hence but now,——he told me all his paſſion for a Curtizan, ſcarce half an hour ſince.

Cor. So!

Lau. I do not doubt it, oh how I love him for this ſeaſonable lye,
——And can you think I'le ſee a perjur'd man, [*To* Cor.
Who gives my intreſt in him to another,
——Do I not help ye out moſt Artfully.— [*And laughing to* Gall.

Cor. I ſee they are reſolv'd to out face me.

Gall. Nay vow'd to marry her!

Lau. Heavens to marry her!

Cor. To be conquer'd at my own weapon too,—lying 'tis a hard caſe!— [*Aſide.*

Gall. Go boy you may be gone, you have your Anſwer childe,
And may depart——come Madam let us leave him.

Cor. Gone! no help, death I'le quarrel with him,——nay fight him,
—Damn him,——rather then looſe him thus,—ſtay Signior, [*Pulls him.*
——You call me boy,——but you may finde your ſelf miſtaken Sir,——
And know—I've that about me may convince ye, [*Showing his ſword.*
—'Thas done ſome Execution!

Gall. Prethee on whom or what? ſmall Village curs!
The barking of a Maſtive wou'd unman thee. [*Offers to go.*

Cor. Hold——follow me from the refuge of her Arms!
As thou'rt a man, I do conjure thee do't:
——I hope he will, I'le venture beating for't. [*Aſide.*

Gall. Yes, my briſk——little Raſcal——I will——a——

Lau. By all that's good you ſhall not ſtir from hence, ho who waits there, *Antonio*, *Silvio*, *Gaſpero*, [*Enter all*]—take that firce youth and bear him from my ſight.

Cor. You ſhall not need, 'ſlife theſe rough Rogues will be too hard for me,—I've one prevention left,——farewell,
Maiſt thou ſupply her with as feable Art,
As I ſhou'd do, were I to play thy part. [*Goes out with the reſt.*

Gall. He's gone! Now lets redeem our bleſſed minutes loſt. [*Goin*
Scene changes to the Street.— Piazo Deſpagnia!
Enter Julio *alone.*

Jul. Now by this breaking daylight I cou'd rave, I knew ſhe miſtook me laſt Night which made me ſo eager to improve my luckey minutes,——ſure *Galliard* is not the man, I long to know the miſtery,
——hah——who's here——*Fillamour.*

[*Enter* Fillamour *met by* Marcella *in Mans Clothes, they paſs by each other—dock and juſtle.*

Mar. I take it——you are he I look for Sir!

Fill.

Fill. My Name is *Fillamour*.
Mar. Mine,——*Julio Sebaſtiano Muriſini.*
Jul. Hah, my Name by Heaven. [*Aſide.*
Fill. I doubt it not, ſince in that Lovely face,
I ſee the charming Image of *Marcella*!
Jul. Hah.——
Mar. You might, ere Travel rufled me to man,
——I ſhou'd return thy praiſe whilſt I ſurvey thee,
But that I came not here for Complement,—draw.— [*Draws.*
Fill. Why cauſe thou'rt like *Marcella*?
Mar. That were ſufficient reaſon for thy hate,
But mine's becauſe thou haſt betray'd her baſely;
——She told me all the ſtory of her Love,
How well you meant, how honeſtly you ſwore,
And with a thouſand tears imploy'd my Aid:
To break the contract ſhe was forc't to make,
T'*Octavio*, and give her to your Arms.
I did, and brought you word of our deſign,
——I need not tell ye what returns you made;
Let it ſuffice my Siſter was neglected,
Neglected for a Curtizan,—a whore!
I watcht and ſaw each circumſtance of falſhood,
Jul, Damnation! what means this?
Fill. I ſcorn to ſave my life by lyes or flatterys,
But credit me, the Viſit that I made,
I durſt have ſworn had been to my *Marcella!*
Her Face, her Eyes, her Beauty was the ſame,
Only the buſineſs of her Language differ'd,
And undeceiv'd my hope.
Mar. In vain thou think'ſt to flatter me to faith,——
When thou'dſt my Siſters Letter in thy hand, which ended that diſpute
Even then I ſaw with what regret you read it:
What care you took to diſobey it too,—
The ſhivering Maid, half dead with fears aud terrors of the Night,
In vain expected a relief from Love or thee,
Draw that I may return her the glad news I have reveng'd her.
Jul. Hold much miſtaken youth!'tis I am *Julio*, thou *Fillamour* know'ſt my Name, knows I ariv'd but yeſterday at *Rome*, and heard the killing news of both my Siſters flights, *Marcella* and *Cornelia*,——and thou art ſome Impoſture. [*To* Marcella.
Mar. If this now ſhou'd be true, I were in a fine condition.——
Fill. Fled! *Marcella* fled!
Jul. 'Twas ſhe I told thee yeſterday was loſt,
But why art thou concern'd,——explain the Miſtery!
Fill. I lov'd her more then life! nay even than Heaven!

And doſt thou queſtion my concern for her,
Say how! and why! and whether is ſhe fled!

Jul. Oh wou'd I knew, that I might kill her in her Lovers Arms, Or if I found her innocent, reſtore her to *Octavio!*

Fill. To *Octavio!* and is my friendſhip of ſo little worth,
You cannot think I merrit her.

Jul. This is ſome trick between 'em! but I have ſworn moſt ſolemnly, have ſworn by Heaven and my Honour to reſign her, and I will do't or dye,——therefore declare quickly, declare where ſhe's, or I will leave thee dead upon the place. [*To* Marcella.

Mar. So, death or *Octavio*, a pretty hopefull choice this.

Fill. Hold! by Heaven you ſhall not touch a ſingle hair, thus——will I guard the ſecret in his boſome. [*Puts himſelf between 'em draws.*

Jul. 'Tis plain thouſt injur'd me,——and to my Honour I'le ſacrifice my friendſhip, follow me. [*Enter* Petro *and* Cornelia.

Mar. Ah *Petro*, fly fly ſwift and reſcue him.—[*Exiunt* Pet. *with his*

Cor. Oh have *I* found thee, fit for my purpoſe too. *ſword in his hand.*
Come haſt along with me,—thou muſt preſent my Brother *Julio* inſtantly, or I am loſt, and my projects loſt, and my mans loſt, and all's loſt.

Enter Petro.

Pet. Victoria, Victoria, your Cavaliers and Conqueror! the other wounded in his ſword hand, was eaſily diſarm'd.

Mar. Then lets retire, if I am ſeen I'me loſt,——*Petro* ſtay here for the Cavalier, and conduct him to me to this houſe;——I muſt be ſpeedy now.——

Cor. Remember this is *Julio*! [*Pointing to* Marcella!

Pet. I know your deſign and warrant ye my part:—hah *Octavio.*

Enter Octavio, Muriſini, *and* Crapine.

Oct. Now cowardiſe that everlaſting infamy, dwell ever on my face, that men may point me out that hated Lover, that ſaw his Miſtreſs falſe, ſtood tamely by whilſt ſhe repeated vows! nay was ſo infamous ſo dully tame, to hear her ſwear her hatred and averſion, yet ſtill I calmly liſtend! thongh my ſword were ready, and did not cut his throat for't.

Mur. I thought, you'd ſaid you'd fought.

Oct. Yes, I did rouſe at laſt and wak'd my wrongs,
But like an Aſs a patient fool of Honour,
I gave him friendly Notice I wou'd kill him;
And fought like prizers not as angry Rivals.

Mur. Why that was hanſome,——I love fair play what wou'd you elſe have done!

Oct. Have fall'n upon him like a ſudain ſtorm, [*Enter* Pet. *and* Fill.
quick unexpected in his height of Love:——ſee——ſee yonder! or I'me miſtaken by this glimering day or that is *Fillamour*; now entering at her door, 'tis he by my revenge!——what ſay you Sir.

Mur.

Mur. By th' Maſs I think it was he,——*Enter* Julio.

Oct. Julio I've caught the wantons in their toyl,
I have 'em faſt, thy ſiſter and her Lover. [*Embraces him.*

Jul. Eternal ſhame light on me, if they ſcape then!

Oct. Follow me quick,——whilſt we can get admittance.

Jul. Where——here!

Oct. Here,—come all and ſee her ſhame and my Revenge.

Jul. And are you not miſtaken in the houſe.

Oct. Miſtaken! *I* ſaw the Raviſher enter juſt now, thy Uncle ſaw it too, oh my Exceſſive joy, come if *I* lye—ſay *I*'me a dog a Villain!

[*Exeunt as into the Houſe.*

Scene changes to a Chamber, Enter Sir Signal—*a little groping.*

Sir *Sig.* There's no finding my way out,—and now does fear make me fancy,——this ſome *I*nchanted Caſtle.—— [*Enter* Tick. *liſtening.*

Tick. Hah an *I*nchanted Caſtle!

Sir *Sig.* Belonging to a monſterous Giant! who having ſpirited away the King of *Tropicipopicans* Daughter, keeps her here inclos'd, and that *I* wandering Knight am by fickle Fortune ſent to her deliverance.

[Tick. *liſtens.*

Tick. How's that! ſpirited away the King of *Tropicipopicans* daughter! bleſs me what unlawfull wickedneſs is practic'd, in this Romiſh Heatheniſh Countreys! [*Aſide.*

Sir *Sig.* And yet the devil of any dwarfe Squire or Damzel have *I* met with yet:——wou'd *I* were clenlily off a this buſineſs,——hah lights as *I* live! and people coming this way!——bleſs me from the Giant,—Oh Lord what ſhall *I* do.—— [*Falls on his knees.*

Tick. I fear no Giants, having juſtice on my ſide, but Reputation makes me tender of my perſon!——hah——what's this a Curtain: *I*'le winde my ſelf in this, it may ſecure me!

[*Winds himſelf in a window Curtain.*

Sir *Sig.*——They're entering, what ſhall *I* do——hah——here's a corner! defend me from a Chimney.

[*Creeps to the corner of the Window, and feels a ſpace between* Tick. *legs and the corner, creeps in and ſtands up juſt behind* Tickletext. *Enter* Gall. *leading* Laura! Sab. *with lights juſt after 'em!* Jul. Oct. Mur. *and* Crap.

Oct. Juſt in the happy minute.

Gall. I've ſworn by every God! by every power divine! to Marry thee! and ſave thee from the Tyranny of a forc't Contract,—Nay Gad if *I* looſe a fine wench for want of Oaths this bout the devil's in me.

Oct. What think ye now Sir.

Jul. Damnation on her, ſet my rage at liberty! [Mur. *holds him.* that *I* may kill 'em both!

Mur. I ſee no cauſe for that, ſhe may be virtuous yet.

Oct. De ye think as ſuch to paſs her off on me,

Or that *I*'le bear the infamy of your Family,
No *I* ſcorn her now, but can revenge my Honour on a Rival!

Mur. Nay then I'le ſee fair play,—turn and defend thy life. [*goes to*

Jul. Whilſt I do juſtice on the Proſtitute!—hah—— Gall. *who turns.*
Defend me 'tis the woman that I Love. [*He gazes! ſhe runs to* Gall.

Lau. *Octavio*!

Oct. *Laura!* my ſiſter! perfidious ſhamefull!—— [*Offers to kill her.*

Jul. Hold! thy ſiſter this? that ſiſter I'me to marry! (wretched.

Lau. Is this then *Julio*! and do all the powers conſpire to make me

Oct. May I be dumb for ever!

[*Holds his ſword down and looks ſadly,* Jul. *holds* Lau. *by one hand pleads with* Oct. *with the other, Enter* Fillamour *and* Pet.

Fill.——Hah *Galliard!* in danger too! [*Draws.*

[*ſteps to 'em*! Mur. *puts between.*

Oct. *Fillamour* here, how now what's the matter friend.

[*they talk whilſt Enter* Marcella *and* Cornelia.

Cor. Hah new broyls, ſure the devil's broke looſe to Night!——my Uncle as I live! [Mur. *pleads between* Fill. *and* Octavio.

Mur. And *Octavio*! where ſhall we fly for ſafety!

Cor. I'le ene truſt to my Breeches! 'tis too late to retreat!——'slife here be our Cavaliers too, nay then nere fear falling into the Enemies hands!

Fill. I, I fled with *Marcella!* had I been bleſt with ſo much Love from her, I wou'd have boaſted on't 'ith face of Heaven.

Mur. La ye Sir. [*To* Octavio!

Fill. The lovely Maid, I own I have a paſſion for,
But by the powers above the flame was ſacred,
And wou'd no more have paſt the bounds of Honour,
Or hoſpitallity! then I wou'd baſely Murther! and were ſhe free,
I wou'd from all the World make her for ever mine.

Mur. Look ye Sir, a plain caſe this.

Gall. He tells ye ſimple truth Sir.

Oct. Was it not you, this ſcarce paſt Night I fought with here, in the houſe by dark! juſt when you had exchanged your vows with her!

Lau. Heavens! was it he? [*Aſide.*

Fill. This minute was the firſt I ever entred here!

Jul. 'Twas I Sir, was that interrupted Lover,—and this the Lady!

Lau. And muſt I yield at laſt. [*Aſide.*

Oct. Wonders and Ridles!

Gall. And was this the *Silvianetta* Sir, you told the ſtory of! [*ſlyly.*

Jul. The ſame whom inclination, friends and deſtiny,
Conſpire to make me bleſt with.

Gall. So many diſappointments in one Night, wou'd make a man turn honeſt in ſpight of Nature! [Sir Sig. *peeps from behind.*

Sir *Sig.* Some comfort yet, that I am not the only fool defeated! hah! *Galliard.* *Oct.*

Oct. I'me ſatisfied! [*to* Fill.]——but what cou'd move you Sir,—— [*to* Gall.] to injure me! one of my Birth and Quality!

Gall. Faith Sir I never ſtand upon ceremony when there's a woman in the caſe,——nor knew I 'twas your Siſter: Or if I had I ſhou'd alik'd her nere the worſe for that, had ſhe been kind.

Jul. It is my buſineſs to account with him,
And I am ſatisfy'd he has not injur'd me! he is my friend!

Gall. That's frankly ſaid! and uncompel'd I ſwear ſhe's innocent!

Oct. If you're convinc't! I too am ſatisfy'd!
And give her to you whilſt that faith continues! [*Gives him her.*

Lau. And muſt I, muſt I force my heart to yield! [*Aſide.*
And yet his generous confidence Obliges me! [*Aſide.*

Oct. And here I vow! by all the ſacred Powers, [*Kneels.*] that puniſh perjury, never to ſet my heart on faithleſs woman!——Never to Love nor Marry! [*Riſes.*] Travel ſha'l be my buſineſs,——thou my Heir! [To *Julio.*

Sir *Sig.* So, poor ſoul, I warrant he has been defeated too!

Mar. *Marcella* Sir will take ye at your word!

Fill. *Marcella*!

Mar. Who owns with bluſhes truths ſhou'd be conceal'd, but to prevent more miſchief,——that I was yours Sir was againſt my will, [*to* Oct. my ſoul was *Fulla mours* ere you claim'd a right in me; though I nere ſaw or held diſcourſe with him, but at an awfull diſtance,—nor knew he of my flight.

Oct. I do believe, and give thee back my claim; I ſcorn the brutal part of Love! the nobleſt body where the heart is wanting.

[*They all talk aſide,* Cornelia *comes up to* Galliard!

Cor. Whe how now Cavalier! how like a diſcarded favorite do you look now, who whilſt your Authority laſted laid about ye; domineerd huft and bluſterd, as if there had been no end on't, now a man may approach ye without terror!——you ſee the meats ſnatcht out of your mouth Sir, the Lady's diſpos'd on! who's Friends and Relations you were ſo well acquainted with.

Gall. Peace boy, I ſhall be angry elſe.——

Cor. Have you never a caſt Miſtreſs that will take compaſſion on you: faith what think you of the little Curtizan now!

Gall. As ill as ere I did! what's that to thee.

Cor. Much more then you're aware on Sir,——and faith to tell you truth I'me no ſervant to Count *Julio*! but ene a little michievous inſtrument ſhe ſent hither to prevent your making Love to *Donna Laura*!

Gall. 'Tis ſhe her ſelf,——how cou'd that beauty hide it ſelf ſo long from being known! [*Aſide.*]——Malicious little dog in a Manger, that wou'd neither eat, nor ſuffer the hungry to feed themſelves! what ſpiteful devil cou'd move thee to treat a Lover thus! but I am pretty well reveng'd on ye!

Cor. On me! *Gall.*

Gall. You think I did not know those pretty Eyes! that lovely Mouth I have so often kist in cold imagination!

Cor. Softly tormentor! [*They talk aside.*

Mar. In this disguse we parted from *Viterbo*! attended only by *Petro*, and *Philipa*! at *Rome* we took the Title and habit of two Curtizans; both to shelter us from knowledge, and to Oblige *Fillamour* to visit us, which we beliv'd he wou'd in curiosity, and yesterday it so fell out as we desir'd!

Fill. How ere my eyes might be impos'd upon, you see my heart was firm to its first object, can you forget and pardon the mistake!

Jul. She shall! and with *Octavio's*—and my Uncles leave,—thus make your Title good.— [*Gives her to* Fill.

Oct. 'Tis vain to strive with destiny! [*Gives her.*

Mur. With all my heart,—but where's *Cornelia* all this while!

Gall. Here's the fair stragler Sir.

[*Leads her to* Mur. *he holds his Cane up at her.*

Mur. Why thou baggage, thou wicked contriver of mischief, what excuse hadst thou for running away, thou hadst no Lover?

Cor. 'Twas therefore Sir I went to finde one! and if I am not mistaken in the mark, 'tis this Cavalier I pitch upon for that use and purpose.

Gall. Gad I thank ye for that,—I hope you'l ask my leave first, I'me finely drawn in efaith!—have *I* been dreaming all this Night, of the possession of a new gotten Mistress, to wake and finde my self nooz'd to a dull wife in the morning.

Fill. Thou talkst like a man that never knew the pleasures thou dispisest; faith try it *Frank*, and thou wilt hate thy past loose way of living.

Cor. And to encourage a young setter up, *I* do here promise to be the most Mistriss like wife,—you know Signior *I* have learnt the trade, though *I* had not stock to practice, and will be as expensive, *I*nsolent, vain Extravagant, and *I*nconstant, as if you only had the keeping part, and another the Amorous Asignations, what think ye Sir.

Fill. Faith she pleads well! and ought to cary the cause!

Gall. She speaks Reason! and *I*'me resolv'd to trust good Nature! —give me thy dear hand.— [*They all joyn to give it him, he kisses it.*

Mur. And now you are both speed, pray give me leave to ask ye a civil question! are you sure you have been honest, if you have I know not by what Miracle you have liv'd.

Pet. Oh Sir as for that, I had a small stock of cash, in the hands of a cuple of English Bankers, on Sir *Signal Buffoon*.—

Sir *Sig.* Sir *Signal Buffoon*! what a pox does he mean me trow. [*Peeping.*

Pet.—And one Mr. *Tickletext*!

Tick. How was that,—*certo* my Name!

[*Peeps out and both see each other their faces, being close together one at one side the Curtain, and tother at tother.*

Gall. and *Fill.* Ha ha ha! Sir *Sig.*

Sir *Sig.* And have I caught you efaith Mr. Governor!
Nay nere put in your head for the matter, here's none but friends mum!

Gall. How now what have we here!

Sir *Sig.* Speak of the devil and he appears!

[*Pulls his Governor forward.*

Tick. I am nndone!—but good Sir *Signal* do not cry whore firſt! as the old proverb ſays!

Sir *Sig.* And good Mr. Governor, as another old proverb ſays, do not let the kettle call the Pot black-ars!——

Fill. How came you hither Gentlemen!

Sir *Sig.* Whe! faith Sir divining of a wedding or two forward, I brought Mr. Chaplain to give you a caſt of his Office, as the ſaying is.

Fill. What without Book Mr. *Tickletext.*

Cor. How now! ſure you miſtake, theſe are two Lovers of mine.

Sir *Sig.* How Sir your Lovers! we are none of thoſe Sir, we are Engliſhmen!

Gall. You miſtake Sir *Signal*, this is *Silvianetta!*

Sir *Sig.* and *Tick.* How! [*Aſide.*

Gall. Here's another ſpark of your acquaintance,--do you know him.

Tick. How *Barberacho!* nay then all will out.——

Gall. Yes, and your fencing and Civility-Maſter.

Sir *Sig.* Ay,—whe what was it you that pickt our pockets then,—and cheated us!

Gall. Moſt damnably,——but ſince 'twas for the ſupply of two fair Ladys, all ſhall be reſtor'd again.

Tick. Some comfort that.

Fill. Come lets in and forgive all, 'twas but one Nights Intrigue, in which all were a little faulty!

Sir *Sig.* And Governor, pray let me have no more dominering and Uſurpation! But as we have hitherto been honeſt Brothers in iniquity, ſo let's wink hereafter at each others frailties!

Since Love and women eaſily betray man,
From the grave Gown-man to the buſy Lay-man.

The EPILOGUE,

Spoken by Mr. *Smith*.

SO hard the Times are, and so thin the Town,
Though but one Playhouse, that must too lie down;
And when we fail what will the Poets do?
They live by us as we are kept by you:
When we disband, they no more Plays will write,
But make Lampoons, and Libell ye in spight;
Discover each false heart that lies within,
Nor Man nor Woman shall in private sin;
The precise whoring Husbands haunts betray,
Which the demurer Lady to repay,
In his own coin does the just debt defray.
The brisk young Beauty linkt to Lands and Age,
Shuns the dull property, and strokes the youthfull Page;
And if the stripling apprehend not soon,
Turns him aside and takes the brawny Groom,
Whilst the kinde man so true a Husband proves,
To think all's well done by the thing he loves;
Knows he's a Cuckold, yet content to bear
What 'ere Heaven sends, or horns or lusty heir;
Fops of all sorts he draws more artfully,
Then ever on the Stage did Nokes *or* Leigh:
And Heaven be prais'd when these are scarce, each Brother
O'th pen, contrive to set on one another:
These are the effects of angry Poets rage,
Driven from their Winter-Quarters on the Stage,
And when we go, our Women vanish too,
What will the well-fledg'd keeping Gallant do?
And where but here can he expect to finde,
A gay young Dam'sell manag'd to his minde,
Who ruines him and yet seems wondrous kinde.
One insolent and false, and what is worse,
Governs his heart and manages his purse;
Makes him whate're she'd have him to believe,
Spends his Estate, then learns him how to live;
I hope these weighty considerations will
Move ye to keep us all together still;
To treat us equal to our great desert,
And pay your Tributes with a franker heart,
If not, th'aforesaid Ills will come, and we must part.

FINIS.